

R. S.

A LOVER OF THE CROSS.

An account of the wonderful life and work
of Sunder Singh,
a wandering Christian friar of the Punjab.

by

ALFRED ZAHIR, B.A. (PUNJAB)

Sub-Warden, St. John's Christian Hostel, Agra, India.)

*My body will I sacrifice, my life will I lay down
in the service of my Master and my Motherland.*

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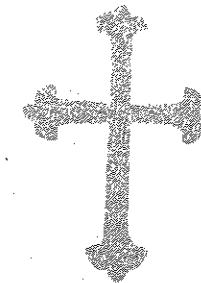
1917.



SUNDER SINGH THE CHRISTIAN SADHU OF NORTH INDIA

*What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ,
for whom I have suffered the loss of all things and do
count them but dung, that I may win Christ.*

Phil. III. 7.



*There is no health of the soul, nor hope of eternal life
but in the Cross.*

*Be saved for thee on the Cross, that thou mayest also
hast thy Cross and love to die on the Cross.*

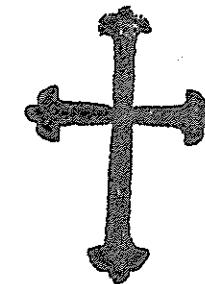
(Thomas a Kempis)



SUSLIK SINH THE CHRISTIAN SADHU OF NORTH INDIA

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for whom I have suffered the loss of all things and do
count them but dung, that I may win Christ.*

Phil. III. 7.



There is no health of the soul, nor hope of eternal life
but in the Cross.
He died for thee on the Cross, that thou mayest also
bear thy Cross and love to die on the Cross.

(Thomas a Kempis)

W. B.
O happy day, that fixed my choice,
On Thee, my Saviour and my God ;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless *in death* a bond so dear.

T. W. B.

TO

Mary J. Campbell.

A very dear and precious sister in the Lord—
whose sacred life has been—
a source of countless spiritual blessings to me,
this little volume is very reverently dedicated
as a token of deep gratitude—
and affectionate regard.—

PREFACE.

Scarcely four months ago an account of Sunder Singh's early life and experiences was published in Urdu, and since then there has been an incessant demand for a similar account of his wonderful life in English.

It is partly with a view to meeting this demand, and chiefly to making this wonderfully inspiring career known to a wider circle of Christ's followers in all lands, that the present little volume has been compiled. Numerous quotations like the following could be cited from letters and newspapers to prove the pressing need of such a volume.

An English lady writes :—

"I had been reading the little book (i. e. *Shaida-i-Salib*, the account of Sunder's work in Urdu) and had just finished it. I have been writing many long pages home—and also to people in India translating from the little book as well as possible. I was wishing the English edition could be printed—so I could *at once* put it into the hands of people in the homeland whom I *feel sure* could benefit by it.

There are also people in India, who used to be earnest Christians but now have lost their first love. They would not stand to be told the truth without getting angry and I thought the little book will tell its own story and the warnings given to those living in sin.

A leading Hindu once wrote to a friend who sent him the book :—

"Many thanks for your book which you so very kindly sent me. I finished the book on the very night, and now it is used as a walking library, and I think it will create the spirit of self-denial by God's grace."

An American lady writes :—

I am so anxious for not only India to be helped by Swami Ji's beautiful life of devotion, but I also long for my own country to learn from him too

How greatly the Urdu book has been used to God's glory amongst non-Christians is proved by the following quotations:—

1. Your book or the one about you—"Shaida-i-Salib" is doing great good. The Hindus like it so much. I gave a copy to Mr. K. of Kangra the other day—He is a Christian. On the way to Amritsar—I was on the train too—a Hindu Civil Surgeon of D. took it from K. and said he wished to keep it. It opened up the way for an earnest talk. K. says he would order a dozen copies just to give away to his non-Christian friends. Oh, God will use it mightily I know. What a name for the book!
2. We had only one copy of the book here and that was read by over a hundred different people. My non-Christian friends are specially interested in it. Some of them have read it so often that they know it all by heart.

An attempt has been made in this volume to give a much fuller and more vivid account of Sunder's conversion, work and influence than was possible in the Urdu one, while considerations of time and space have led to a curtailment of the account of the old *Malka Rishi* at Kailash which now forms a little book by itself.

As Sunder has never been used to keeping a diary nor ever made an attempt to note down the numerous wonderful experiences of his life, it has not been possible to arrange the different incidents according to any proper chronological order. Isolated and occasional adventures have been grouped under the names of different parts of the country where they took place. Some dates however which were known with some amount of certainty have been put in, and it is quite possible that a more scrutinizing research may lead us to some better results in the future.

At any rate no degree of doubt as to the authenticity of these narratives is justifiable, since they were noted down straight from Sunder's mouth and to a certain extent also were reviewed and approved by him.

No attempt has been made in this "*bare biography*" as the book may be called to deck out the descriptions in bewitching

style and language; but events are related in their bare nakedness and left to convey their own message to the reader's heart. Nor have I ventured to dilate on Sunder's peculiar gifts and qualities; the simple chronicles are volatile enough for an earnest and appreciating heart.

Some on reading the book may find it a tax upon their credulity and feel inclined to ascribe the experiences and events recorded to the realms of romance, but this would not be in the least surprising, for ours is an age of doubt and unbelief; scepticism and suspicion of anything that is against the laws of Natural Science is one of the characteristics of modern civilization.

On the other hand every true and strong Christian who refuses to believe that the miracles of Christ are mere fabrications of the Gospel writers or that the story of Paul's conversion is a concoction, will find it impossible to deny that the Unchangeable and Everlasting God *can* and *does* still feed and protect His chosen servants as of yore.

God is certainly the same; it is only our weak waning faith which deprives us of many of His choicest gifts, and it is our doubts which sometimes deceive us even out of the little we have.

And what is the object of this book, some may feel inclined to ask. Is it meant to provide recreative reading for boys and girls, or does it aim at focussing the world's attention on this unique life and thus mar the great work that is being done through it? God forbid. The book is meant to be a call for others rather than a tribute—however well deserved—to Sunder.

Sunder himself was very reluctant to allow these few events to be recorded in his life time; it was only the guarantee of their

being a source of inspiration and edification to others that persuaded him to give his assent.

In the words of Edna Lyall we do not give our modern saints any great distinctions, but yet through them the true Light shines; and if as it has been often said, "one hypocrite may make a hundred infidels," it is equally true *that one Christ-like man may induce hundreds to follow Christ.*

The full significance of such a life as that of Sunder, lived in the midst of diverse trials and hardships endured for His sake, can never fail to impress all who carefully study the details of his career; the record of a life so liberally enriched with miraculous episodes must arouse missionary longings in many a thoughtful and patriotic youth. And this is the purpose of the book. *God grant that many through these pages may hear a trumpet call to the service of their Master and Motherland and that the spirit of true and whole-hearted sacrifice of their lives may be enkindled within them; for then alone will India be won for Christ.*

Finally the writer has to acknowledge a special debt of gratitude he owes to various very dear and kind friends who have not only facilitated his task by their prayers and valuable suggestions but have also led him to a deeper appreciation of the hero of this book. The very precious names of Miss M. J. Campbell of the Punjab, Mrs. H. D. Jackson and Dr. B. R. Khisty, Civil Surgeon, Harda, need very special mention, for their deeply spiritual lives and Christian love have been a source of real inspiration and divine help to the writer. The appearance of this little book is due more to their many-sided aid and support than to the writer's own feeble efforts. India

needs many more of such devoted servants of the Lord to bring her to His Bleeding Feet.

Amongst others the Rev. R. H. Lloyd, and Mr. T. D. Sully of St. John's College, and the Rev. J. Kingdon, the Warden of the Christian Hostel, have to be warmly thanked for their invaluable help in reviewing the manuscript and rectifying its literary discrepancies.

Besides others, thanks are also due to Mr. Maya Dass of Ferozepur for his valuable suggestions and to the Manager of 'The Nur Afshan' for his kind permission to quote and translate from his paper.

Over and above all the writer must express his deep and whole-hearted gratitude to his very affectionate brother and spiritual teacher Swami Sunder Singh himself for according him his kind permission to pen a few incidents of his inspiring career.

God grant that his wonderful life may yet be spared for many a day to come, to enliven and enrich many others, to the welfare of the Christian Community and the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in this land.

March, 13th. 1917.

AGRA.

ALFRED ZAHIR.

CHAPTER I.

Sunder Singh & What the World says & thinks about him.

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour and Me.

SUNDER THE SADHU ; Before entering upon a description of his conversion and baptism and telling about the marvellous success of his work and his providential escapes from death and enemies it will be well to explain that Sunder Singh is a Christian *Sadhu* or itinerating friar. He goes about touring all over India—from Kashmere to Madras and from Bengal to Gujerat—bare footed, bare headed, dressed in a thin linen cassock hanging down to his ankles, a small saffron turban on his head, a thin blanket thrown round his shoulders, and a copy of the New Testament in his hand. This is Sunder's dress for all months of the year and for all parts of India. The linen cassock is not replaced by a warm one in the winter, nor are the bare feet encased in shoes when going through thorns or thickets. He will not accept any more or better clothes than these, nor ever wear shoes for "*even by his bleeding feet he attracts men to Christ.*" "The day I became a *Sadhu* I was wedded to these garments" said he once "and I will never divorce them." He is tall, spare of body, and supple of limbs, and he is always wonderfully healthy, and cheerful. His face is a true picture of the pure heart that lies within ; calm, quiet and composed.

He became a Sadhu when he was a mere boy of 16 and now unlike several others has been serving the Lord for over 12 years, exactly in the same spirit of earnestness, zeal, humility and self-denial with which he started. Whenever asked how long he intends going on in this life he invariably replies 'As long as I am in this world.' I have vowed my life to Him and His grace abiding I shall never break this vow.'

My Friend, my Brother, and my Lord !
What may Thy service be ?
Nor name nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

The life of an Indian *Sadhu* is a life of rigorous and selfless discipline, fraught with dangers and temptations of all kinds. It is a life of daily hardships, self-sacrifice, and humiliation. It is a life in which both body and brain are exposed to excessive wear and tear such as is beyond the very conception of a Westerner. It is not a life which every strong and healthy man can follow and much less a delicate and daintily nurtured person like Sunder Singh.

The Eastern conception of simplicity goes much deeper than the Western. Simplicity in the East means almost self-torture and sacrifice of the least of pleasures and comforts, and complete resignation of one's self to God's care. And this is the life which Sunder is living. A life of absolute reliance on the Divine Providence. "Who when He provideth for the lilies of the field and the birds of the air will certainly feed those whom He has called to serve Him."

Sunder is not a Sadhu in the sense that perhaps some Hindus will expect him to be, for he conforms himself to any state or condition that he has to put up with. He is a true Sadhu in the sense that whether good or bad he is prepared to accept anything and

everything. A coarse, crusty **chappati* is as welcome to him as is an unctuous meal of *tpalao* and *parathas*; and an icy-cold stone floor makes as luxurious a bed for him as a thickly padded and downy sofa. "Everything and anything for His sake" is his principle in life.

A Christian turning an ascetic sounds as incredible to some as it is a revelation of the power of Christ to others. The term "Christian" in India is regarded as a synonym for worldliness. Hence if men like Sunder Singh have done nothing else they have at least proved to the non-Christian world that Christ is not all comfort and that while He has the power to lift nations to the very zenith of material prosperity He also has the potency to inspire individuals with a fervent spirit of perfect self-denial and self-sacrifice in the service of men and God. The following extract from the letter of a Hindu inquirer proves the truth of our statement:—

'I did not know till I saw Swami Sunder Singh that there are men amongst the Christian who could be called †*Sanyasis*.'

It might here be urged that no one, not even an Indian and much less a European of the bluest blood should launch upon the career of a Sadhu at the very first impulse of a moved heart or world-weary soul; nor should the ambition to challenge the gaping admiration of the whole world by some extraordinary action be interpreted as a call from God, as has been done by a few foreigners in the past. Some as proved by the following quotation undoubtedly adopted this life in real earnestness, with the sincerest of motives and with the fullest assurance that in doing so they

* *Chapati* : Indian loaf.

† Two dainty Indian dishes.

‡ *Sanyasis* : i. e. *Sadhus* or those who have renounced the world.

were truly obeying God's call. The quotation is from the words of a would be *Sadhu*; 'I am considering this as the last and final step in my life, from which God willing *I shall never turn back.*'

The above letter is perhaps a very true expression of the noble and earnest motives with which our friends started the life, but the very fact that the author of these words took up a chaplaincy within a few months of his beginning the life and another of his predecessors got married after a few years, prove that it was either a woefully distorted conception of God's call or an under-estimation of the hardships and trials of such a life that made them vow such rash vows without any forethought about the future. No one then should ever contemplate this life, unless like Sunder he can say from his heart. "*I have vowed my life to Him and His grace abiding I shall never break this vow.*"

His amiableness.

That Sunder's is a wonderful life exercising a powerful influence on his contemporaries is proved by his character and the amicable regard in which he is held by almost every Christian or at least every *Indian* Christian who has either seen or known him. Christians greet him rapturously wherever he goes, and have voluntarily entitled him '*Swami*' and '*Mahatma*' two terms of honour and respect which mean '*a partaker of the divine nature.*'

Some ignorant and ill-informed people have objected to these titles, but none else merits these titles better than Sunder does, for in *Theologia Germanica* we read "Some may ask 'What is to be a partaker of the divine nature,' or a godlike man?" Answer 'He who is imbued with and illuminated by the eternal or divine light, and

inflamed or consumed with eternal or divine love, *he is a godlike man, and a partaker of the divine nature.....* Moreover in a man who is made a partaker of the divine nature, there is a thorough and deep humility; and where this is not, the man hath not been made a partaker of the divine nature." And such a man is Sunder without the least tinge of self-consciousness '*who does not think himself at all wonderful.*' What Professor Ogilivie says of John de Britto might well be said of him "In the greater Church of all Christ's followers his eminence as a disciple, intrepid, selfless, and enduring in all great qualities that add to the vigour of the Christian life, is assured.....he is really one of the greatest missionaries in India in the wider Church of Christ." The encomium is high but it is merited. A few utterances of some of his admirers whose admiration in some cases rushes to the verge of worship will show the love and admiration that he commands from the Christians of India.

An Indian Tahsildar writes:

Mahatma Sunder Singh should be called *Apostle Paul* of this age. The other day he stayed here for two days and delivered two lectures and all the Christians were aroused from their sleep—I can say for myself that the Mahatama was sent for me I received a letter from my brother that Mahatma will visit B.... and put up with me; I was amazed with joy, at once went to the station, received my worthy guest and brought him to my poor house. I was impressed much with the simplicity of this *real* Christian and began to think about my soul. He spent two nights with me and now I can say *I am changed.*

An American Missionary once wrote to Sunder:—

My own dear Brother,

I do not need to tell you how I longed to see you once more before leaving my dear adopted country. I prayed that I might see you and even yet the *tears* come when I think of the long separation before us..... *I had so longed to learn more from you—from your rich experience of heavenly things.....* Dear brother my life has been fuller and richer since you came into it. God sent you to...P.... to open my eyes to new truths and to new beauties of holiness. God bless you every

moment..... and through your sufferings may multitudes of India's dear ones be brought into the heavenly rest..... You have suffered, little Brother, but it took that to bring out the sweetness which is now making fragrant so many lives in the Punjab and indeed all over India.....

A Christian girl once wrote to him :—

Although I have never seen you, I have heard about you and I have a great love for you and longed to see you. You are my very dear brother in the Lord and I hope to see you in the next world if not in this.....

Another writes :—

Now my parents and I humbly request you to visit our home. We shall think ourselves *blessed by the Lord* if you do so..... Swami ji please *do come* and visit our home, and although we are not worthy of it you have a very good chance of preaching Gospel here.....

The above are only a few of the numberless letters and communications in the author's possession which will prove how completely Sunder Singh's simplicity, love and his whole-hearted service to the Lord has captured and enthralled the hearts of all true Christians in India; Indians as well as Europeans.

The usefulness of his work.

It requires no long-winded descriptions to understand the great usefulness of Sunder's work. None who judge his work with an unbiased eye can deny that his work speaks for itself. The influence of his quiet and yet arrestive life underlies scores of hearts that have been touched and vanquished for the Lord Jesus. The worth of his work can be judged from the following witnesses which tell the wonderful work of this simple and devoted missionary :

From the 'Indian Standard' :—

1. Jaipur.

This week we had the pleasure of welcoming among us that Indian Christian "Mahatma," Swami Sunder Singh of the Panjab. He entertained us with a highly

invigorating spiritual treat. His sermons were at once interesting and edifying.

He laid bare the dangerous position of the Church, which is content with being "not far from the Kingdom of Heaven." The least distance—say of an inch—he said, will keep for you in store as much disappointment and sorrow as that inch-thick plank that stood between the five foolish virgins and the bridal chamber. The virgins were near enough, but did proximity console them? Far from it, it enhanced their grief and sorrow. If our mental beliefs find not their vent in our actions and daily life—if we believe in the goodness of "Love thy neighbour" and love not—rest assured though near enough, that fatal plank will debar us from entering in. Quick, get up then—while yet there is time—and strive to cover that least distance and enter in, otherwise there is no safety however near we might be.

In another lecture he demonstrated that the great mission of carrying the message of love was reserved by God for men and men only. Observe that the angels lead the seekers after truth to a Peter or a Philip—rather laboriously—but do not say themselves,—believe in Christ and be saved.

How great is the privilege of man, then to be chosen to act in preference to the angels. Do we realise it? Would that we could. Then urged by the power of the Holy Spirit—a power far surpassing any physical force, a power that converted the erstwhile hiding, fearing, silent apostles into brave champions of truth—we could not but proclaim the great love—by word and deed—"that I was blind and now I see."

2. Piprola, Kotah.

This year the kharif crop is very small owing to excessive rain, and because of the sodden state of the soil much of the land could not be prepared and sown, consequently where there should have been 100 maunds there are only twelve. However, God has been giving us much spiritual blessing.

After Swami Sundar Singh came many eyes were opened. People began to give more heed to spiritual things and repented. The result is, God has manifested Himself in our midst, and the whole church has been stirred up. Both men and women, with one mind and with much joy and prayer, are taking part in God's services. They go regularly to the villages near by and preach. Truly there is a revival in our midst, and God is day by day manifesting Himself and blessing us.

The following three letters translated straight from the 'Nur Afshan'—the paper in which they originally appeared—while revealing the result of his work also suggest how very unconscious Sunder is of the great work God is doing through him. It is not only his inspiring and edifying lectures that move and win people's hearts, but it is the deep humility and the perfect simplicity of the

man which makes his words so real and effective. It is rather as many have said, seeing Christ *lived* than hearing Him *preached*. The writers of these three letters are *Hindus* who soon afterwards became Christians.

1.

A MIRACLE.

A few weeks ago a Christian Sadhu by name *Sunder Singh* came about preaching the Gospel in the villages round about Narkanda and suffered a great deal of persecution. We were sitting and chatting with the **mate* when a farmer by name Nandl came up and said "A very strange thing has happened in our village. One day while we were reaping the corn in the field a Sadhu came up to us and began to preach religion. We all felt very annoyed at this interference in our work and showered some curses on him; but little heeding our curses and threats the man went on with his talk. At this my brother took up a stone and hit the man in the head. But this good man unmindful of this insult closed his eyes and said "O! God forgive them!"

After a while my brother who had flung the stone was suddenly caught with a splitting headache and had to give up reaping. At this the Sadhu took my brother's scythe and started reaping the corn. We all marvelled and said 'what manner of man is this Sadhu, that instead of abusing and cursing us in return he prays in our favour.' Then we took him to our house where he told us many nice things. After he had gone we noticed an amazing thing. The field where this good man had reaped has never yielded so much corn as it has this year, we have gathered two mounds above the average this time.

Hearing this one of the crowd who happened to know Sunder Singh forbade us to utter his name saying that Sunder Singh was a Christian, but I at once rebuked this fellow and told him that I knew Sunder Singh myself and what a holy man he was. A few days ago I met an European lady on her way to Simla. I told her about this matter and she advised me to send an account of this marvellous incident to the 'Nur Afshan,' because she said "This Sadhu is a fruit of the Ludhiana Church." Hence according to her advice I send this communication to the Editor with many hearty congratulations to the Christian Church at Ludhiana and request the Sadhuji (*i.e.* Sunder Singh) himself to visit that same village again, so that we may benefit by his holy preaching. We are all ready to listen to your (*i.e.* Sunder's) words of wisdom and desire to benefit by your holy presence in our midst.

(Signed) J. R.

* *Mate*: Rather an important person on the hills, who arranges mules and coolies for travellers.

2.

A REAL PREACHER.

One morning near Rishi Kesh, I was going along the bank of the Ganges to have my morning bath, when seeing a crowd of Sadhus in one place I also hurried to the spot. Here I found a young Sadhu, Gospel in hand and preaching to the gathering crowd. Although he wore a black cassock, but his shining visage interpreted the purity and sanctity of his heart. While so ne of the crowd looked deeply interested in his talk, many stood scoffing and jeering at him, but this self-less preacher took no notice of this and went on with his message. Presently one of the crowd took a handful of sand and threw it into the preacher's eyes. This undeserved insult filled me with great anger and I immediately handed him over to the police, while this true Sanyasi quietly got up, washed his sand-besmeared face and eyes in the river, came back to his former place and asking his enemy to be released started preaching again. Seeing this Sita Ram (the man who had thrown the sand) fell at the Saku's feet and wept for forgiveness saying "I did not know that gems were hidden under this cloak. Woe unto me, that before I threw sand into your eyes, the Devil had thrown sand into my eyes, which blinded me so completely that I could neither see your affectionate heart nor conceive the Lord Jesus who dwells therein. I had long been in quest of such a Guru who could wash away all the filth and stuff from my heart, and fill it with heavenly bliss. Now I have found Him! found Him! found Him!"

I was greatly surprised at seeing this stony heart mollified so quickly by hearing the message of this godly and self-less Sadhu. This is the true disciple of Christ, who sits on the banks of the Ganges and rescues the drowning. Now this Sadhu with his new follower (*i.e.* Sita Ram) has gone up towards the hills there to find the lost sheep. They will also go to the great *Maha Rishi* at Kailash; unfortunately I was unwell at the time they left, hence could not accompany them. Dear friends! this is a very exemplary life for us. A Youth bred and brought up in such luxury and comfort, denying the best things of the world is now going about thus serving his Saviour and countrymen. Till now, I was under the impression that there are few men of high caste and noble descent amongst the Christians, neither is there any such amongst them who could be truly termed a *Sanyasi*, but since I saw Swami Sunder Singh I have realized my mistake and now I know that there are men amongst the Christians like whom none are to be found in other religious sects. If there had been such a man amongst the Hindus or Moslems he would have been made much of, but unfortunately the Christians have not yet the power of appreciation, perhaps this is the result of the new civilization which is more inclined towards **fashion*. I advise, nay implore my Hindu and Moslem friends to put aside the spirit of rivalry

* *Fashion*: a term used in India for dainty ways of dressing and grand ways of living.

and bigotry, and to benefit by his friendship, because as every sect can claim God as its own, in the same way Swamiji too belongs to no special sect, but has been sent by God that every one may benefit by his wonderful life. Swami Sunder Singh is a very simple, and quiet man, and it is only when you talk to him that you realize the presence of those *Jewels* which are hidden in him. This is all the result of his constant and close communion with the Lord Jesus.....

..... I have been studying the Gospel for several years together, but certain doubts withheld me from openly confessing Christ's Name. Now I praise God that He sent *Mahatamaji* to me, whose fellowship drove away all my doubts just as the Sun does the darkness. This is because the Sun of Righteousness dwelleth in his heart. I spent several years at the feet of the [†]Pundits studying the **Shastras*, but none gave me that real peace which I have at last found in the Lord Jesus. Now in return for this great blessing I want to dedicate my whole life to His service. I am waiting for the Swamiji (i. e. Sunder Singh) to return from the hills and baptize me with his own blessed hands. In the end I request all the readers of the 'Nur Afshan' to remember me in their prayers that being filled with the Holy spirit I too like Swami Sunder Singh may become a true disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

3. THE PRICELESS GEM OF THE PUNJAB.

"I am employed in the Forest Department. Coming down the mountain one day I saw a Sadhu coming up the ascent. He had a few books in his hand and a blanket on his shoulder. He strode along in the mid-day sun, the perspiration rolling like water down his face. At first I thought to join with him and have a little conversation, but then I said to myself, 'I will see what he will do and where he will go.' A little later he entered a village and after wiping his face he sat down upon a log and began to sing:—

'When we were drowning in sin,
Christ from Heaven came to save, etc.

I, an enthusiastic Arya, became furiously angry, and when he began to preach I could scarcely restrain myself. At the same time a man sprang forward from out of the crowd and with a blow knocked the holy man from the seat headlong upon his face, hurting his hand badly and cutting his cheek. That brave man rose up and bound his hand with his turban and did not say a word. With the blood flowing down his face and tears mingling with the bloody stream, he began to sing a song of joy and praise to God, and then prayed God's blessing upon us.

"These tears of the holy man dropt like pearls upon the ground. One day they will come forth from the ground as real pearls. What! Is it possible that the blood and tears of such a spiritual person should be fruitless? Never, I who was once a stolid member of the Arya Samaj—though I have not yet been baptized—yet I have been

[†]Pundits: religious authorities **Shastras*: the Hindu Scriptures.

drawn out of the well of contempt and brought to the Fountain of life. We may not know where Swami Maharaj (Sunder Singh) may be at this time, but that Kirpa Ram, who threw your honour down, is now in search of you, and wants to know where his guru (teacher) has gone. He has received baptism at the hand of Rev. Mr. Jones, although he greatly desired to be baptized with that wounded hand, but could not because Sadhu Sunder Singh does not baptize but preaches the Gospel only. Yet he may know that by his means hundreds of souls are brought to Christ, of whom he has no personal knowledge. O Christian, what visionary Christ are you following? This is the following of the Living Christ. O Hindu Sadhus, who lie about the palaces of the rich merchants, indulging yourselves with sweetmeats in your idleness, here is a real Sadhu, who sacrificing his life goes about seeking for lost sheep in the dens and caves of these mountains. Just think, that at the age of twenty-six years this exalted service has never been rendered for wordly gain O, Christians, O, Hindus and Moslems; now is your opportunity to secure benefit from companionship with this holy man, such priceless gems do not continue for long in this world! But, alas! We generally get awake just when such gems go from us. During their life-time we oppose them with lengthy discourses and the acceptance of truth is in such low estate that if one were to rise from the dead and come to his brother, he would not believe (Luke 16: 31). I pray God to save me from this deadly condition and give me the fellowship of such a holy teacher.

In conclusion I would beseech all readers of the *Nur Afshan* to pray for me, that I may be able to confess openly my faith in the Lord Christ."

(Signed) AN INQUIRER.

It is a fact to be regretted that while so many have the eyes to see and appreciate his wonderful work there are some who deliberately refuse to realize the greatness of Sunder's work and personality. This is that class of worldly-wise people whom Sunder's simple and self-less life menaces with a close criticism of their own so called 'simple' lives. These people eye Sunder in such a rage at the superior results of his work that they would spurt out venom at him from sheer envy; specially when they feel that their own work is put into shade before that of a Young Sadhu of twenty eight. But fortunately for the Christian Church in India such unworthy exceptions are only very rare and they seldom have the

courage to speak out their minds and whenever they do, they do so only to reveal the pusillanimity of their own minds and their unworthiness even to be called *Christians*.

Sunder's passion for the Cross.

Sunder Singh has a passion for the cross of Christ. He comes from a well-to-do Sikh family in the Punjab and but for his being a Christian and a Sadhu he would have inherited his thousands. The following two letters will show what he has given up, with what motives and in what spirit. The first one is from his father alluring Sunder away from his life of a Christian Sadhu and the second one is Sunder's reply to the above :

1. (The Father's letter).

My dear Son, the light of my eyes, the comfort of my heart :
 May you live long. We are all quite well here and hope the same for you
 I do not now wait to ask you what you think, but I order you to get married immediately. Can you not serve your guru Christ in a married state ?
 Now, make haste and don't go on disappointing us. Does the Christian religion teach disobedience to parents ?
 I do not know when I may pass away, but I do know that if you do not get married now, you never will after my death.

You have gone mad. Just think for a moment who will take care of so much property, or do you want to blot out the family name ? If you get engaged today I will bequeath to you the whole sum of money now in the three banks, (the interest of which amounts to 3 to 4 hundred rupees a month) otherwise you will lose what I have already reserved for you.

It will be for your welfare if you take my advice and come home at once, then every thing will be properly settled.

I am also a little indisposed. If you do not listen to my advice I shall stop helping you from next month. I found out later that you gave away the Rs.750 to B..... the Christian. What a fool you are ! You do neither feed nor dress yourself pro-

perly, but give away what you have, to other people.....
 Wire reply
 Your loving father
 (Signed) S.....S.....

2. (Sunder's Reply).

"My dear and respected Father:

Thank you very much for your kind letter re my engagement and marriage. I am always at your service and reckon it an honour to obey you and do your will, but I regret to say that I cannot and will not get married. You are my earthly father, but besides you I have another Father which is in Heaven who is to be obeyed and served above everyone else. My Father has called me to serve Him as a fakir, and I must obey this call. If I get married I shall not be able to do my duty and the truth is that I have no great desire for money. As for your threats of disinheriting me, all I can say is that I was not hoping for any property or money when I became a Christian.

I regarded it a favour when at my baptism you left me alone and when after some time you again started helping me I was thankful. Now if you leave me again ; I will not gainsay you, but will only thank you for what you do. You are wise and experienced and can do what you like ; as for me, having once put my hand to the plough I will not look back."

Your obedient Son,
 SUNDER SINGH.

That it is a real joy to him to suffer for his Master's sake is proved by the following testimony of one of his co-workers in the earlier part of his friar's life :

"His work has been far better than my own, and although he is scarcely more than a boy he has suffered hunger, cold, sickness, and even imprisonment for his Master.

Before leaving him, I will tell of one thing which illustrates his saintly spirit and his fitness for the Friar's life. We had been some hundreds of miles back into the interior, and had been forced to pass through some very unhealthy country. Sundar Singh was attacked by fever day after day, and also by acute indigestion. At length one night as we were trudging along he became so bad that he could no longer walk and fell almost fainting on the road. Our way ran through the mountains and there was a bank by the side of it. To this I dragged him and set him against it in such a way that his head might be higher than his feet. He was trembling with the chill which precedes the fever, and his face was drawn with the pain caused by his

stomach trouble. I was anxious because we were alone and on foot and the weather was very cold. Bending close to his ear I asked him how he was feeling. I knew that he would never complain, but I was unprepared for the answer which I received. He opened his eyes and smiled absently, then in a voice almost too low to be heard said, "I am very happy : how sweet it is to suffer for His sake!" This spirit is the keynote of his life and the dominating influence in all he does."

And who can tell all the adversity Sunder has suffered for his Master's sake? The reader will be able to form some idea of it by reading the succeeding chapters. Some account of his labours for the Lord is best given in its original form, the unaffected simplicity of which reveals the earnest sincerity of the man.

Writing some three years ago he says :—

"I thank God, that He has chosen unworthy *me* in the days of my youth that I may spend the days of my strength in His service. Even before baptism my prayer to God was that He may show me His ways, and so He Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life *did* show Himself to me and called me to serve Him as a *Sadhu* and to preach His holy Name. Now although I have suffered hunger, thirst, cold, heat, imprisonment, maledictions, bodily infirmities, persecution and innumerable other evils, yet I thank and bless His holy name that through His grace my heart is ever full of joy, and from my 10 years' experience I can unhesitatingly say that *the Cross bears those who bear the Cross.*"

I take, O Cross thy shadow for my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by, to know nor gain nor loss
My sinfull self my only shame, *my glory all the Cross.*

CHAPTER II.

Sunder's early days and the story of his conversion.

The light of reason cannot give
Life to my soul :
Jesus alone can make me truly live,
One glance of His can make my spirit whole.
Arise and shine
O Jesus on this longing heart of mine !

—•—•—•—•—•—•—

The Home.

Sunder Singh's father, †Sirdar Sher Singh, was a *Sikh by caste and descent, and one of the most prominent and opulent landholders of the Patiala State, owning a large estate in the country-town of Rampur near Ludhiana. His two elder brothers, unlike other young men of their martial clan, stayed at home, managing and taking care of the family estate; while the rest of the male members of the family pursued the military profession, some of them holding positions of considerable prominence and distinction in the various Sikh states of the Punjab.

Sunder was born on the 3rd of September 1889 in his father's native village of Rampur. Our information of his early life at home

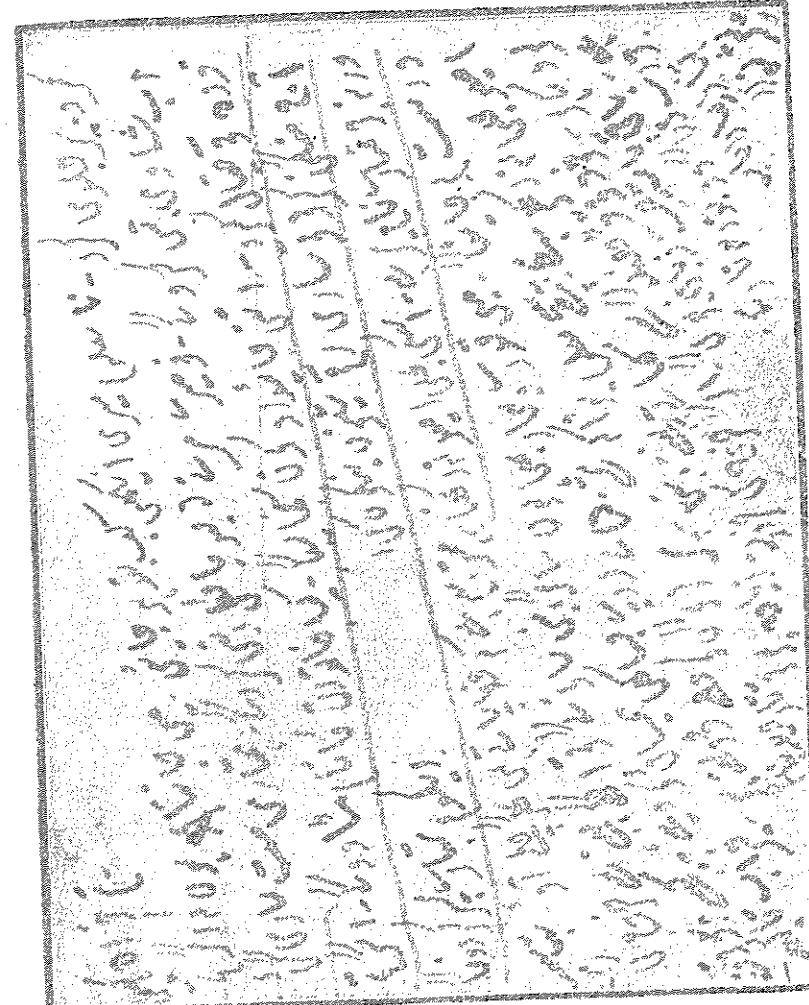
†*Sirdar* : a term of honour amongst the Sikhs, for men of position and high-breeding

*The *Sikhs* : are those stalwart and warlike inhabitants of the Punjab with whom fighting is a profession, and loyalty to the British Raj their family tradition. The Sikh soldiers are known all over the world for their bravery, who never hesitate to sacrifice themselves for a righteous cause.

is regrettably meagre and we have to content ourselves with the information that he was very fondly attached to his mother, to whose deeply spiritual influence he chiefly owed his own religious turn of mind. Amongst the Hindus as a rule it is the women of the household who perform all the religious rites and ceremonies, and to them is left entirely the care of the Gods and the **gurus*. Hence it is only very rarely that one comes across a Hindu youth of Sunder's turn of mind. His daily life was so closely knit up with his mother's that he was generally seen tripping like a colt at her heels wherever she went. He would follow her in his daily visits to the gods, there to rub his little fore-head at the temple door, to offer his sacrifice of fruit or perfumed sweets to the temple priest, and to garland and anoint the temple deity. He also followed his mother on holy days and festivals when the pious lady sat and worshipped for long hours at the feet of the *gurus*, sometimes asking for some special favours, at others propitiating for the sins of the whole family.

The influence of such a strong mother naturally had its effect on the young son, so whole-heartedly devoted to her. It was chiefly through the influence of his mother that Sunder from his very youth became keenly interested in the lives of the itinerant sadhus or holy men who were supposed to have renounced the world in the quest of something higher and more lasting. The simple and saintly appearance of these *Sanyasis* had a peculiarly arresting charm on Sunder's impressionable mind, so much so that the boy often wondered if their's was not the only type of life worthy of the emulation of a sensible man.

**Guru*: a religious teacher.

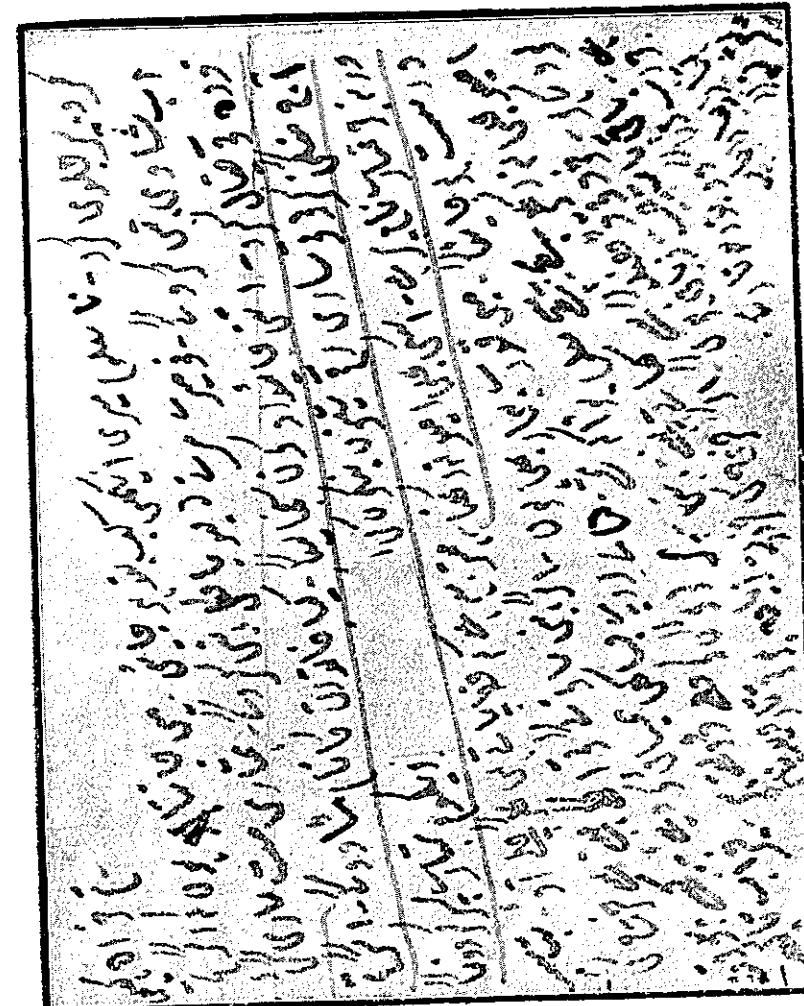


FACSIMILE OF PART OF THE LETTER
WRITTEN BY SUNDER'S FATHER.

is regrettably meagre and we have to content ourselves with the information that he was very fondly attached to his mother, to whose deeply spiritual influence he clearly owed his own religious turn of mind. Amongst the Hindus as a rule it is the women of the household who perform all the religious rites and ceremonies, and to them is left mostly the care of the Gods and the *gurus*. Hence it is only very rarely that one comes across a Hindu youth of Sunder's turn of mind. His daily life was so closely knit up with his mother's that he was generally seen tripping like a colt at her heels wherever she went. He would follow her in his daily visits to the gods, there to rub his little forehead at the temple door, to offer his sacrifice of fruit or perfume, to pour water over the priest, and to garland him, and to the great admiration of all the people, his mother the holy Brahmin. He was a child of unusual piety and worshipped for long hours the various deities, and was often seen making for some special favour, or asking pardon for the sins of the whole family.

The influence of spiritual life on Sunder's mind really had its effect on the young soul, for which he naturally was ready to bear. It was clearly through the influence of his mother that during his very youth became keenly interested in the lives of the itinerant *swamis* or holy men who were supposed to have renounced the world in the quest of something higher and more lasting. The simple and saintly appearance of these *swamis* had a peculiarly arresting charm on Sunder. Impressionable as he was, much so that the boy often wondered if this was not the only type of life worthy of the emulation of a son.

—Guru Sunder—



FACSIMILE OF PART OF THE LETTER
WRITTEN BY SUNDER'S FATHER

The School Days.

Sunder was a typical son of the Punjab, hearty, gay and playful as all Punjabi boys are: a leader in all sorts of extravagant pranks; packed full of a variety of boyish tricks and frivolities; a headstrong and an impetuous youth of a very original turn of mind.

Reaching the school-going age he was sent to the local primary school run by the American Presbyterian Mission working at Ludhiana, where Bible teaching constituted an integral part of the curriculum of the School. Sunder had been brought up a staunch and a very jealous Hindu and had never heard or known before of any other gods save his own; hence he entertained a natural and inbred aversion for this new religion, so openly and unhesitatingly advocated in this little school. Being a precocious lad, very diligent and painstaking in his work, he went on making steady progress and always came creditably through the awful ordeal of the annual examinations.

But fortunately or unfortunately Sunder's advance in age and education only qualified him for a more bitter and unrelenting antagonism to the religion of **Isa Masih*, which he heard preached so incessantly at his school. During the first few years of his student-life Sunder was too young to take much notice of this Christian teaching, but gradually as he reached the stage when boys begin to grow inquisitive about things, the Christian teaching imparted there sounded like flagrant heresy in his young Hindu ears. Sunder was a staunch Hindu and a fanatic, and so it was beyond his patience to go on hearing a foreign religion preached daily in open defiance of his own. Very soon his offended dignity compelled

**Isa Masih*: Urdu for Jesus Christ.

him to leave the mission school and join a *Government institution which was indifferent on points of religion. This new school, as ill luck would have it, was not in Sunder's own village, but in another one at a distance of over 3 miles from his own. For some time the young enthusiast stuck heroically to his resolution and stood patiently the strain of a daily journey of over 6 miles on foot, but he soon realized that a daily walk of this distance under the scorching sun of an Eastern summer was too strenuous an exercise for his delicate and nimble constitution and that a dogged perseverance would only spell repeated illness and an early collapse. Hedged round with these difficulties he realized that there was only one course open for him, that of reverting to his old school, which his bitter hatred of Christianity had forced him to leave. Hence after a few weeks of sojourn in this School Sunder had to return to his old one. Now his baffled fanaticism underest-fallen vanity sought some solace in the determination that he would never in future heed the Bible teacher's quibble about Jesus Christ, or doubt the sanctity and authority of Hinduism.

Now he not only turned a deaf ear to the powerful teaching of the Bible, but also became the ring-leader of a party of malevolent and mischief-making boys who took a special delight in deliberately railing and scoffing at the simple and semi-educated Bible teacher. All kinds of vague and absurd questions were asked, only to make their answers an occasion for spiteful railing and unrelenting criticism. Portions of the Bible obtained with the promise of reading were maliciously torn and trampled under foot as so much rubbish only fit for the dunghill.

*Government institutions in India are entirely silent on points of religion.

Sunder had by now reached the top of his School, and had naturally become more thoughtful and inquisitive. With advance in years had also come an enhanced interest in the study of his own religion. The balance of his abilities had already passed on to the side of religion, so that with all the zest of youth and a vigorous nature he threw himself heart and soul into the study of the **Purāṇas*, the *Bhagvat Gita*, the *Garanth Sahib*, and other sacred books of the Hindus.

The change in ideas

Since his very childhood Sunder had been a careful and scrupulous observer of all religious rites and ceremonies, and fortunately for the boy, ritualism and formalism had not petrified his conscience nor sterilized his spiritual life. On the other hand his spiritual appetite increased with the progress of years and his passion for inward peace grew increasingly intolerable. Religion permeated his very existence and this fired him with a more passionate longing to subdue the forces of inward warfare.

Long years of the most scrupulous observance and practice of every precept of his own religion seemed to do nothing in the way of quieting his soul, on the contrary, the harder he strove for the desired goal, the further he seemed to remain from it. Disappointed in his own, he turned his attention to other religions, but they also all alike failed to emancipate his groaning soul from the trammels of doubt and dissatisfaction. Now was poor Sunder at war with himself. None could help him, even his learned mother and his

*Different books of the Hindu scriptures.

own gurus or spiritual leaders proved incapable of bringing any relief;

Blind am I as those who guide me.—
Let me feel Thee close beside me !
Come as light into my being.
Unto me be eyes all-seeing !
Hear my heart's one wish, I pray,
Show me thy way !

Night after night when the world was asleep poor Sunder sat up striving to cheer his soul 'wandering in want and cheerless discomfort.' Once and again would he recite passages from the *Gita* and the *Garanth* to lull his restless soul ; "urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of his spirit, he would commence his endless search and endeavour" through the ponderous volumes of the Hindu scriptures, but it was all in vain, for they brought no comfort to his joyless soul ;

And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dark thoughts that shiver
Upon the sightful branches of my mind.

Each succeeding year stole something away from his comfort and peace of mind. Hinduism ceased to be a dominant power when the flood of inward agony swept over his wounded soul. At last all resources having failed Sunder turned his attention towards Christianity to see if that religion could do anything to comfort his heart. Buying himself a copy of the *Injil* he started reading it in a cursory way, but very soon the cursory reading developed into a careful study and the careful study into a passionate devotion. For often as he read such comfortable words as these ; "Come unto me all that travail and are heavy laden and I will refresh you" ; "So God loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son to the end that

all that believe in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," something within him seemed to say,

"At length thy trials are ended and thy peace is come."

This was a very strange voice, for Sunder had never heard it before ; and yet what it said was quite true, and his own heart was witness to what it said. All was ended now, the anguish, the fear and the sorrow ; all the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing of the soul.

"All the dull deep pain and constant anguish of patience."

His **Injil* was now dearer to him than all the little treasures he possessed, it was a treasure dearer and more precious than his own heart, for it had brought a soothing potion to his repining soul. Now the more he read his *Injil*, the closer was brought to his heart the Divinity and the saving power of Christ, while the Divinity ascribed to the gods of the Hindu pantheon gradually vanished away. The more he read about the teaching of Christ, the more was his heart vanquished for Him. Nightly he sat poring over the holy pages with tearful eyes and sobbing heart, mourning as it were his own unworthiness to approach the Master's presence.

Open confession of faith in Jesus.

Sunder had now fully accepted Jesus as his *†Mukti Data* ; and a joy had entered his soul and permeated his whole being in such a way that he could not keep it imprisoned in his own heart. At last the joy gushed forth from the springs of his heart and so one day he openly told his father that he was no longer a slave labouring under

**Injil* ; Urdu for New Testament

†Literally Giver of Salvation, the Saviour.

the heavy burden of numerous ceremonies, but a freeman, and what was more the son of the Lord **Isa Masih*, whom he had accepted as his *Mukti Dasta*. Sunder, young and rash as he was, had not foreseen the dangers and difficulties that would result from such a momentous declaration. For some days the father kept these things to himself. He was fully confident that his son's religious education had been so thorough that nothing could shake his belief in the truth of Hinduism, while his talk about *Isa Masih* was regarded merely as a passing freak of youth and innocence.

The father thus revelled in his fancied security for some time, when to his utter surprise and horror one of Sunder's school friends came to him one day and said "Sunder Singh has fallen a victim to the wiles of the crafty Christian master; for now he sits absolutely quiet in the class and instead of joining in making fun of the Bible teacher he appears grievously offended when we scoff and ridicule the name of *Isa Masih*." This information, if true, was unquestionably very startling to the father who now lost no time in ascertaining the truth and adopting prompt measures to nip the evil in the bud. Calling Sunder up to his side he asked if all that was rumoured about him was true. Sunder was a worthy son of the Punjab and a Sikh to the last fibre; honest and brave as ever a Punjabi can be, so without the least hesitation or any signs of fear on his face, he at once told his father that what he had told him before he had told him in real earnestness, and that there was not the least doubt about his being a Christian. This frank confession of his faith was shocking enough to send the old man into a paroxysm of tears.

**Isa Masih* : Jesus Christ.

His grief subsided, the father spent hours in exhorting his son against his new religious mania and warning him of the fate that would necessarily follow if he did not mend his ways. Sunder's heart was overcome with filial affection at seeing his father in tears, and he threw himself helplessly round his father's neck and

"with cadent tears fret channels in his cheeks."

Then sobhingly he said "father, you know how much I love you, but there is One other whom I love more and that is my Jesus, and I cannot and dare not forsake Him for the richest jewel in the world,"

No more my own Lord Jesus !
Bought with Thy precious blood,
I give Thee but Thine own Lord
That long Thy love withstood.
When trials sore obstruct my way
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day
Good Lord, remember me,

Persecuted by his own.

Shortly after this momentous episode it became publicly known that Sunder Singh had become a **Kirani*. All sorts of schemes were now adopted to bring him back to his senses. Every one in the village became his enemy. None would speak but to curse and abuse him. He was singled out for every form of vituperation and calumny, and became the scape-goat of all the children of the village. Divers measures of repression and conciliation were adopted, but they all alike failed. Chief amongst his enemies was Sunder's own brother. Morning and evening his tongue was going incessantly anathematizing the woe-begone Sunder.

**Kirani* : a term of contempt for Christians in the Punjab.

His father too kept dinging in his ears about the ruin and the disaster that his persistence would inevitably bring on the family. But nothing moved the implacable Sunder, 'Constant like the Northern Star,' he stuck fast to his resolution and braved all the evil assaults of his enemies.

The storm of persecution and bitter opposition that now broke forth, proved disastrous alike for Sunder and the handful of poor Christians resident in the village. The mission school was now looked upon as the nursery ground of false religious teaching and as a hot-bed of rampant faithlessness and perfidy; while the Christian masters were regarded as the secret designers of the downfall of Hinduism. The news spread—as all news does in India—and stirred up a tumult in the entire village. The whole place was soon seething with a spirit of bitter antagonism to Christianity and every effort was made to check the progress of the Gospel.

Every single shop in the village was closed against the wretched Christians, and every one, specially young boys and girls, were warned to beware of the Christians' "vitiating influence."

Outcastes and untouchables as they had always been regarded, no one would now deal with the wretched Christians. This was of course past endurance and it soon compelled them to clear out of the village and find shelter somewhere else. Besides, the little mission school, the influence of which had culminated in the revolt of a mere minor like Sunder, now became an object of terror and hatred to the village folk. One by one the people took their sons out of the dangerous *Maktab. They would much rather have their children grow up in ignorance and in superstitious fear of their gods, than expose them to the risks of conversion to Christ.

* *Maktab*: a private school.

ianity. The rapid decline in numbers soon led to the ultimate collapse of the heroic Mission School.

Sunder was now left alone in the world. His only friends, the poor Christians whom he used to visit daily by stealth, were also driven away. This was indeed a cup of very bitter experience, yet it was all for the sake of his Master, and Sunder was ready to drink it to the dregs. Jesus had brought his storm-tossed soul to harbour and now there was no form of persecution he was not prepared to suffer for His sake, nor was any loss too great.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss
All labour vainly done:
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

Days and weeks fled by and yet Sunder remained unmoved. Resolute and steadfast in his determination he stood firm like a tree that no storm of persecution, however severe, could ever dislodge.

Sikhs claim the physical primacy of India; the nimble and wiry Sunder could hardly share that claim, and yet his stout heart and unswerving courage proved him a Sikh to the last grain. Persecution grew more severe as time went on, and during the last few weeks before his final exile from home many little scenes of melting pathos took place, of which only one is known with any degree of precision.

Though troubles assail, and dangers affright
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures—"The Lord will provide."

Rahmat the Ruthless.

Perhaps the most formidable amongst Sunder's enemies was a man named Rahmat Ullah, a **Patwari* by profession and a Mohomedan by creed. Rahmat was a worthy son of the Prophet, bloody and revengeful as ever a Moslem could be towards an infidel. Being a staunch Mohomedan, fanaticism and bigotry was his second nature and hatred of all religions except his own an obligation. After his brother, Sunder dreaded none more than Rahmat, the most unscrupulous and violent of all. Rahmat never greeted the boy but with words of the most rancorous scorn, and never finished a conversation till he had pronounced half a dozen maledictions on *Isa Masihi* and His followers. He kept a careful look out, and always sought for an opportunity to wreak vengeance on the young infidel.

One evening as ill-luck would have it Rahmat was returning from his tour and by chance happened to pass by the village *peepal* where he had often heard that Sunder was wont to read his Bible of an evening. The day was nearly over, the farmers with teams of over-worked oxen were hurrying away from the surrounding fields; rocks were sailing and cawing over the umbrageous *peepal* and a copper sun was sinking down on the horizon. Coming to the foot of the great tree Rahmat saw what he had not very much expected to see at that bewitching hour of the day. There he saw Sunder buried in deep thought and conning his *Injil*, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes.

Slowly looking up from his book Sunder's eye fell on Rahmat,

** a Patwari*; is a petty government officer.

† a tree of the oak species.

who was then standing absolutely still and spell-bound, looking intently on him. Seeing this the boy's heart quailed within him and a shudder ran through his body. Presently Rahmat drew closer, his face flushed and distorted with passion, he tore the *Injil* from the boy's hands and sent it flying into the air; then abusing and chastising him to his heart's content hurried to carry the tale to the boy's parents.

A few days after this episode Sunder was one day picking his way through the village when nearing Rahmat's house he saw a big crowd of people gathered at the door. Seeing this he turned his steps that way and sought admission into the house. Sunder entered, and was thunderstruck to see women and children weeping themselves mad in every corner of the house. On enquiring the cause of this grief he was told that Rahmat had suddenly contracted cholera and now there was little hope of his surviving. Presently Sunder went in and stood over the dying man's bed and inquired after his state, on which Rahmat spake thus "My eyes see a vision, a whole crowd of horribly ugly and Satanic angels have come to fetch me. Woe unto me, for I am doomed! doomed to eternal misery and anguish in yon dark pit of Hell! Woe unto me, for there is none who can save me except One whom I see standing in the far back-ground. Highest above the cloud of dreadful angels He stands, but I may not, I dare not call to Him; my race is run, my chance gone for ever and now my fate is past recalling." Surprised at hearing Rahmat speak thus Sunder asked him whom he meant by the 'One' who had the power to save him. The dying man replied sobbingly "Do not ask me His Name, for you know Him well, It is the same whom you have lately accepted as your *Guru*. Happy are you, for you are saved, but woe unto me for I am not

worthy as much as even to name His Name with my unhallowed lips." Saying this Rahmat relapsed into a state of unconsciousness and soon expired.

Sunder returned home that night rather heavy-hearted at seeing a life end so miserably, but he also felt an inward strengthening of his novitiate faith. His greatest enemy had to confess that Jesus was the only hope of sinners and this made him love his Master all the more strongly and whole-heartedly.

Sunder poisoned and exiled.

Things grew worse and worse with Sunder as days and months rolled on. The hatred and the opposition of his people strengthened his faith instead of enfeebling it. Till now they were sanguine of winning him back to his old religion, but now the reckless youth did a thing, an act of sacrilege as the Sikhs would regard it, which determined his fate and assured his relations that he was past recovery. A week or so after Rahmat's demise Sunder without any hesitation or the least consideration of its consequences cut off the long hair of his head and declared that he was no longer a *Sikh* in any way but a true Christian.

It is a point of religion with the Sikhs never to tamper with the hairy growth of any part of their bodies. Their hair is their beauty and they regard it as the distinctive mark of their martial clan. Hence this rash action was regarded as the very climax of shame and disgrace that Sunder had brought on the family. It meant ostracism and social suicide not only to Sunder but to the whole family. Finally deciding what he would do with the boy the exasperated father called him to his side and said, "We were

all hoping that you would soon mend your ways and listen to the advice of your elders, but this last act of yours has assured us that you are past recovery, hence you are no more worthy of our love, and tomorrow you will be sent away from this place, and we shall see how long you stick to your Jesus Christ after that." The next morning Sunder was asked to surrender all his clothes and things he had with him, and with the bare clothes he then wore he was driven away into the jungle.

Friendless as Sunder had remained for so many months, he was now homeless too. There was none in the whole wide world whom he could call his friend; even his own had forsaken him and become his deadly enemies. Driven into the jungle he went and sat there awhile, wondering and praying what he was to do next. In that hour of trial he sometimes shuddered to imagine the end of such a painful beginning,

"The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind."
and yet as soon as he prayed to his Master, he felt a great strengthening of his spirit and said to himself, "Come what may no loss is too great for His sake" :

*Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame.*

After a short rumination in the jungle Sunder now started in the direction of another village called Roper. The village was a mission station and also had a small congregation of Christians. Reaching the village he came to the Christian compound where he was warmly welcomed by the pastor and his little flock. They were all greatly touched when they heard the woeful history of his persecution and exile from home and assured him of their whole-hearted help and deepest sympathy.

Shortly after his arrival at the compound Sunder was caught with a sudden fit of paralysis and it appeared as though he would soon die. The Doctor was now sent for and it was presently declared that the invalid had been poisoned, and the fatal effect of the poison had reached the most serious dimensions, so that there was little hope of his recovery.

This was rather embarrassing for the poor Christians for they knew that they would be the first to be suspected ; and the non-Christians, always too glad to get them into trouble, would lose no time in availing themselves of this splendid opportunity. Now there were many alternations of hope and fear, sometimes it seemed as though the patient was regaining consciousness, while at others he seemed to grow quite cold and breathless. A few minutes after the doctor had left the patient began to bleed heavily through the mouth. According to the physician's verdict this was a sure sign of death. All waited in breathless suspense and counted the minutes of Sunder's life. The bleeding continued for some time ; then it stopped suddenly with a hiccup and Sunder felt quite well and relieved after that. "All were amazed at this, but to me," says Sunder, "it was a great revelation of the love of God and I felt assured that my Master whose cross I had promised to bear would never allow me to sink under its heavy weight."

And there was calm ! O Saviour, I have proved
That Thou to help and save art really near :
How else this quiet rest from grief and fear,
And all distress ? The Cross is not removed,
I must go forth to bear it as before,
But leaning on Thine arm, I dread its weight no more.

Sunder's Baptism.

For some days after his recovery from the poisoning Sunder stayed at Roper till he was strong enough to move about. From Roper he was sent to Ludhiana, the head mission station of the district. Here he was very warmly welcomed by the kind American missionaries and was provided with every facility for his religious and secular education. Two names deserve special mention in this connection and they are those of the two veteran missionaries Drs. Fife and Wherry, whose scholarship and whole-hearted devotion to God's cause has immortalized their names in the Punjab. These two took a special interest in the boy and stood to him *in loco parentis*.

One thing which a convert never forgets all his life is the love and support of his first Christian friends. "I can never repay," says Sunder, "what I owe to my two gurus Drs. Fife and Wherry ; at the time when every one in the world had deserted me, these two did more for me than ever my own parents could do."

During his short stay at Ludhiana Sunder was a student at the Christian Boys High School where he studied up to the 6th standard. As days went by the youth grew more impatient for baptism which had so long been delayed for fear of his relations creating a disturbance. During the first few months the Missionaries and the Christians of Ludhiana had to face a fair amount of opposition from the frenzied relations. Once the mission compound was besieged by a whole lot of the riff raff of the streets who threatened to break in if the young refugee was not surrendered to their control. But later on this opposition cooled down to a certain extent though it

still glowed under the embers, ever ready to blaze forth afresh at the first opportunity.

There being no wisdom in living in constant anxiety and abiding dread of opposition from the relations, it was decided that Sunder should be sent to some remote corner of the mission field where he would be out of the reach of his fussy relations and at the same time could be peacefully trained and instructed in his religion. Hence he was packed off to Spatu, a mission station in a very out-of-the-way place in the mountain fastnesses of Simla, and a distance of many miles from Ludhiana.

Sunder had not been very long at this new place when he grew too restless for baptism to stand any more impatient waiting. He was burning with the desire to be called after the Name of Him Who had been his salvation, and to consecrate his life to the service of his Master and of his countrymen, with this fire blazing in his heart he travelled over to Simla and on the 3rd of September, 1905, Sunder Singh was baptized a Christian.

The Reader will probably remember how while yet a boy playing about his mother's apron strings at Rampur Sunder had been attracted by the Sadhus who visited his paternal home. Since then he had decided to become a Sadhu when he grew to be a man. Now the time had come for the fulfilment of his long-cherished desires and he rejoiced to think that he was becoming a Sadhu, not that through a life of vigorous self-denial he might strive to save his own soul, but that his own soul having been already saved by his Master he was now going out to save others and bring them to Him.

It was in this high spirit of consecration that Sunder when he was barely out of his teens became a sadhu and dedicated his life

to the service of his Master. Clad in the saffron robes of an Indian *fakir* Sunder left Spatu and came to Kotgarb, a place with which his name has become imperishably associated.

He has called I cannot tarry:
I have heard His voice before,
For it broke upon my slumber
When He waited at the door.
Be ye mute, earth's loving voices,
And allure me not to stay:
Tis the voice of my Beloved,
"Rise, my fair one, come away."

—: o :—

CHAPTER III.

Sunder's first tour as a Sadhu.

The world's richest treasures
I value no more,
Thy smile hath left worthless
What dazzled before.
Now loosen my tongue Lord
And let me proclaim
The glories enfolded in *Christ's* blessed name.

Sunder's first tour began about a month after his baptism at Simla. After a month's retreat at Spatu he came to Kotgarh and from here he set out on a long march through several villages in the district, staying a night or two in each place and preaching the Gospel to any and everyone that came in his way.

A night with a serpent.

Touring through several places one evening he came to a place called Doli Walla. After the day's long march Sunder was quite weary and exhausted. Entering the village he called at several houses and shops asking shelter for the night but on discovering that he was a Christian *Sanyasi* every one refused to help him in any way. It was a cold night and the rain was falling heavily. Besides, he was too wet and tired to stand any more knocking about in the dingy streets, hence arriving at an old dilapidated house he made straight for the door and went inside.

The house consisted of a couple of rooms one above the other though with its tumble-down walls, shattered windows, doors off their hinges, and the roof falling in, it could hardly be called a house and much less promise any comfort or shelter to a weary wayfarer. However this was the best that Sunder could get and so he thanked God for giving him the same. Going inside he singled out the cleanest possible spot and spreading his only blanket on the damp, smelly floor Sunder lay himself down to rest for the night. Weary and fatigued as he was, he soon fell asleep and slept soundly till the next day. In the morning when he woke from his sound sleep he saw a black cobra lying coiled up on the blanket under his very arm. Sunder's heart quailed within him and "shook like the pennon of a lance" on seeing this ghastly sight. Flinging his blanket away on one side he rushed out of the door for all he was worth. Perspiration stood in large drops on his brows as he stood panting outside the door looking wistfully at the snake. But presently he began to feel greatly mortified at his distrust of God's providence, Who had kept him safe through the night. Re-entering the house he shook the snake off the blanket and quietly strolled out of the room. Strange to say the cobra instead of turning upon Sunder to attack him, quietly crawled into a corner of the room and seemed quite unmindful of the interference. Sunder felt greatly ashamed of his disbelief in the Divine Providence and went away from that place strengthened in faith and feeling safe in His keeping.

Oh, cause Thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease!
Lift thy countenance benign
On me, and give me peace!

A wonderful teacher.

Touring in the Punjab Sunder was once on his way to Meerut. The day was hot and the sun shone bright overhead, Sunder, not very much used to walking long distances on the plains soon became tired and footsore, so in order to take a little rest he sat down on a heap of concrete by the road-side. Presently he saw a simple poor looking man with a sheep following him coming along the road. Reaching the heap of concrete whereon Sunder was sitting, the man also sat down on the opposite end and began to fondle and embrace his lamb in a very affectionate way. Taking him for an ordinary traveller Sunder at first did not take much notice of him, but when he saw him love his lamb so affectionately he could not help going to the man and asking him what made him love his little lamb so very fondly. To this the man replied "The sheep is a wonderful animal, for it teaches us humility, meekness and obedience. It will always follow its master, it recognises his voice and has a great affection for him." Sunder was rather amazed at hearing a rough boorish looking man speak such words of wisdom and admonition and so as the man got up and started on his way Sunder also quietly followed him at a distance.

Trying to overtake him Sunder hurried his pace, but he was surprised to notice that however fast he walked he came no nearer to the man who walked at an unvaried pace. Arriving at a little thicket by the road-side the man and the sheep both hid themselves behind it. Sunder who was not very far away soon arrived at the spot and saw that neither the man nor the sheep were anywhere to be found, neither under the bush nor for miles around. "I am at a loss to tell," says Sunder, "where this man disappeared, but I am

fully persuaded that he was some angel of God, who had been sent for my instruction, for the words he spoke went home to my heart, and I learnt such a lesson on humility and meekness as I shall never forget all my life."

Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart.
All ye that hope in the Lord—Ps. xxxi—24.

God ruleth the hearts.

Touring through a number of villages and towns in the Punjab Sunder entered Afghanistan, the home of the plethoric *Pathan*, that burly, red-faced race of men with whom treachery is a point of honour and cold-blooded cruelty a habit. One day as he entered the historical town of Jallallabad, some Pathans took him for a spy and plotted to murder him. Now here is a wondrous instance of the way in which God works, and saves and protects his chosen servants, who leave themselves entirely in His hands. Sunder knew nothing of the plot that had been hatched against him and was carelessly sitting in an inn when one of the inhabitants of the village came and told him that his life was in danger and that he had better leave the place before evening. At first Sunder hesitated to believe what the Pathan said, but then feeling inwardly persuaded that it was God's will that he should leave the place he did so and travelled across to another one in the near vicinity.

Arriving here Sunder could get no proper place for shelter and so he spent the night in a dingy old sarai full of bugs and mosquitoes. The next morning when he got up and sat drying his clothes against the fire he saw a mob of Pathans coming towards him. "Now" thought he "my time has come and these people will never

let me go alive." But wonderful was the way in which God changed their hearts.

As the mob arrived at the house, one of them came forward, fell at Sunder's feet and said "Please forgive our rudeness for we had come with the intention of murdering you, but now we understand that you are a chosen one of *Allah. We had expected to find you either frozen to death or caught with some serious disease, but here you are hale and hearty as though you had not suffered any trouble." After the man had finished speaking the whole crowd came and sat round him and shortly afterwards escorted him to their village.

Here they offered Sunder the best of their hospitality, and entertained him better than they do their own *mullahs* (priests) and what was more, listened to his preaching of the Gospel with great interest and reverence.

On his departure from their midst they all looked very sad and presented him with a new turban and a *kurta* as a token of their true love and reverence for him. "The week that I spent with these *Patbans*," says Sunder, "I have always looked upon as one of the happiest and most useful times of my life, and I feel confident that the seed sown there will one day bear much fruit, and that the time will soon come when many of these people will openly confess His Name.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

*Allah : Arabic for God.

Sunder learns a great lesson.

Finishing his tour through Afghanistan Sunder entered Kashmere, and preached the Gospel in the midst of many trials and temptations. Famished and exhausted he one day worked his toilsome way to a certain town called Kushtwar. Entering the town he came to a place where there was a huge crowd of men and women gathered round an oven, baking bread on a flat earthen plate. Nearing the crowd Sunder heard it remarked that the centre of the baking plate always remained cold with the result that all bread that fell on the spot remained unbaked. All were greatly astonished at this. Presently a small subscription was raised to defray the cost of the baking plate, which was soon broken open and in its centre was discovered a large flat insect which began to wriggle and soon came out of the plate. "All were amazed at this," says Sunder, "but I was overcome with a feeling of great self-abasement.

I am wrapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude,
With any size of words.

On my way to Kushtwar I was so hungry and tired that I often doubted the advisability of my suffering so many hardships and trials for nothing when He seemed to be so careless about it all. That day I learnt a great lesson and determined that henceforth I would never again doubt the divine providence or question His will.

I will complain, yet praise ;
I will bewail, approve :
And all my sour-sweet days
I will lament and love.

Kotgarh-Sunder's resting station.

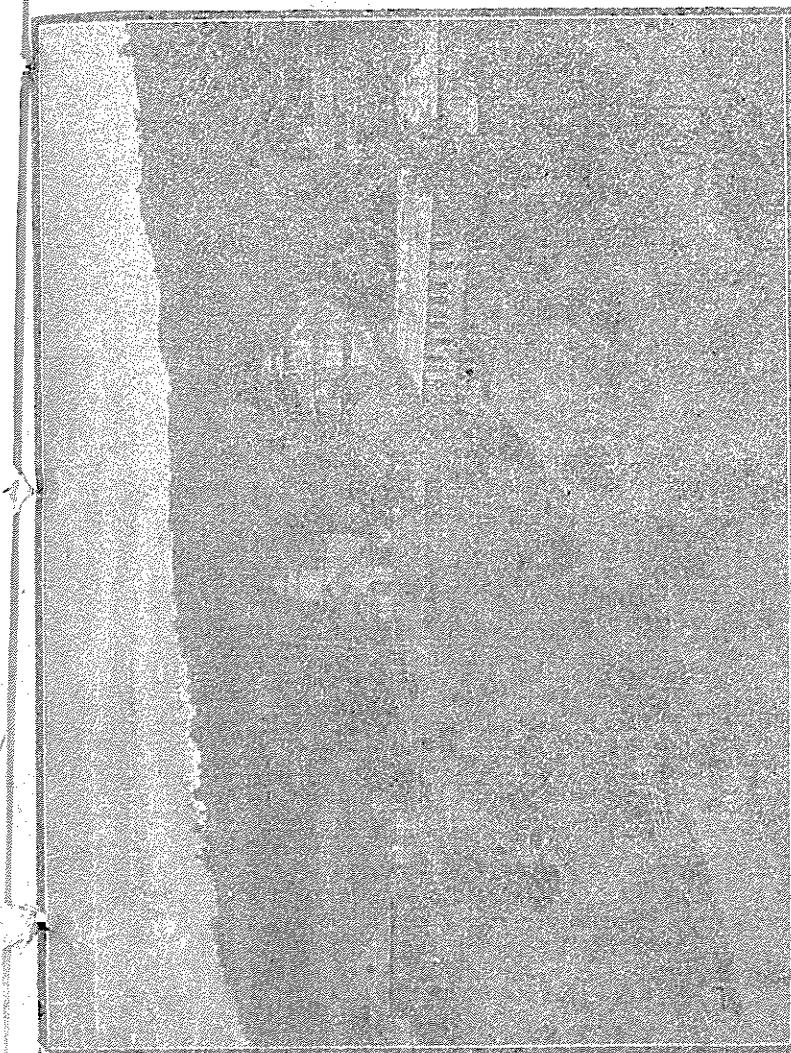
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After his long march through Afghanistan, Kashmere and the Northern Punjab, Sunder rounded up his first tour at Kotgarh, the place from which he had started.

Kotgarh has since then become a kind of final halting station for Sunder. Almost every year, after months of hard and toilsome work on the plains, he spends a few weeks in this lovely and bracing spot, resting and recouping his exhausted energy, for on the plains he is so full up with work that sometimes he finds it impossible even to read the Bible before beginning his day's work.

Kotgarh is a small village of some importance, which nestles picturesquely in the bosom of the great Himalayas, about 50 miles from Simla, and at an elevation of nearly 700 feet from the sea level. The village boasts of a Dák bungalow and a Post Office, and is a stage on the grand Thibetan road, which leads right into the beautiful valley of the Sutlej. It is also a mission station of some consequence which is run by the Punjab branch of the Church Missionary Society.

The oftener one goes to Kotgarh the more conscious one becomes of the many unheeded opportunities of winning these parts for Christ. The work it must be admitted is far from easy, nor do we mean to underrate it in the face of such a startling fact as this, that the past 75 years of missionary labour in these parts have resulted in the baptism of only thirty to thirty five of the natives of these parts. There may be difficulties which are perhaps beyond the ken of the average observer, and yet there is no denying the



THE CHURCH AND THE MISSION COMPOUND AT KOTGARH.

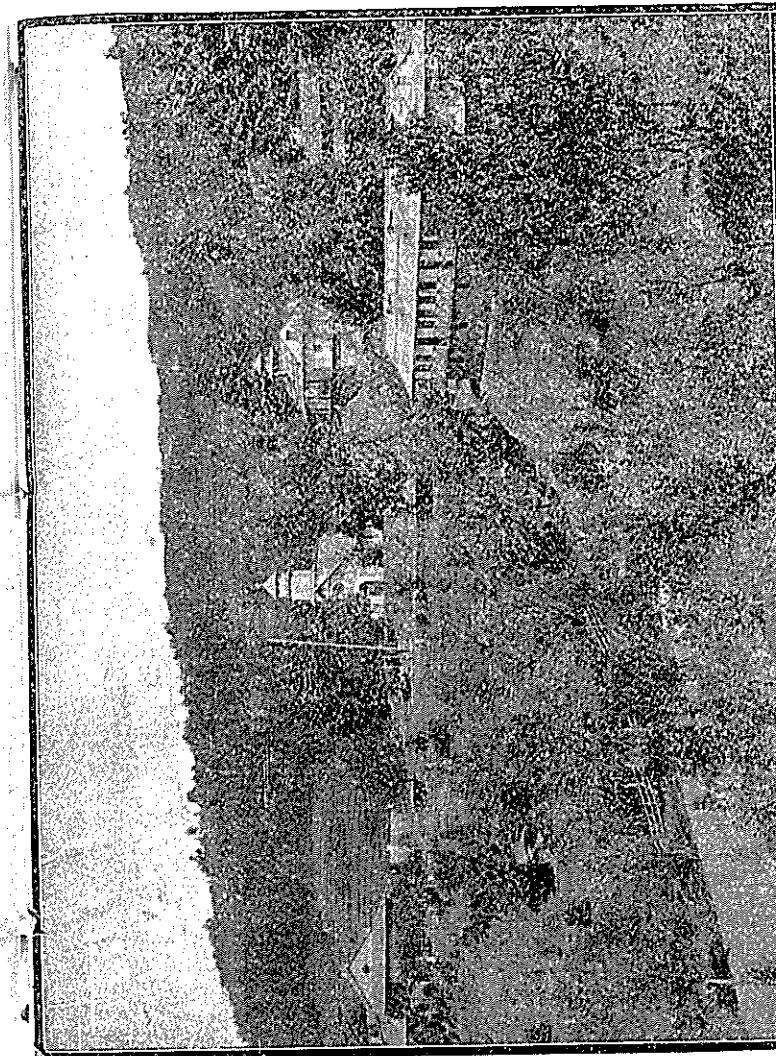
Kotgarh—Sunder's resting station.

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THE CHURCH AND THE MISSION COMPOUND AT KOTGARH.

fact that the place has not been looked upon as a centre of real missionary activity for many years. The missionary here is more of a manager of the fruit-farm than an evangelist or even a pastor. If this is not true, then why is it that the Society never sends a young energetic and permanent missionary, instead of mere birds-of-passage, who when they become too worn out and antiquated for any other mission station, are shunted on here to a haven of rest.

Kotgarh better deserves to be known as the '*convalescent ward*' of the missionary, as it hardly deserves the name of '*field*'; for besides a sermon on Sunday, a monthly celebration, and a biennial baptism, the missionary has not much more to do, and the rest of his heavy-hanging hours are spent in dressing his fruit, and settling endless disputes with his fellow-workers.

The inhabitants of these parts are perhaps the lowest type of human beings which descend to the nethermost rung of the religious ladder of Hinduism. Superstition and ignorance has been their heritage of ages. Woefully backward in civilization, they live under conditions morally and physically deleterious. The squalor and the moral bankruptcy of these degenerate people is shocking to humanity. Their religion is the lowest type of idol worship. They worship numerous deities and live a life of servile fearfulness and revengeful dread of offended sprites. The country abounds with local tales, haunted spots, twilight superstitions, and dancing *dewtás* (demons) of all shapes and dimensions.

Sunder's meeting with Mr. Stokes.

It was at Kotgarh that Sunder became acquainted for the first time with Mr. Stokes, who was then staying at Bareri, a house about 2 miles above Kotgarh. Mr. Stokes, who is probably known to a good many of our readers, had for a short time been working in connection with the S.P.G. mission at Delhi. He had left home with a passion "*to serve his Indian brothers*" and bring them to the Master. Shortly after his interview with Sunder the Sadhu he felt convinced in his heart that the best way of serving India was by becoming a *Sadhu*. Shortly afterwards he felt distinctly called to serve India as a *friar*. The call was readily heard in a spirit of true earnestness and zeal, and presently obeyed. A few days later the rich millionaire of America was seen tramping on foot over the hills, bare-headed, bare-footed and with only one long garment on the body and a cross round his neck. The love of God had constrained him to leave the world and follow Him. And now strengthened by His strength and upheld by His power, fearless of disease or death he accompanied Sunder on a tour through the villages of the Kotgarh district. "Many were the hardships and troubles that we had to put with in this tour, and yet," says Sunder, "we were both very happy and cheerful, and rejoiced to think that we were suffering for Him who suffered for us on the cross."

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

—O—

Joy in trouble.

Wending their way through a number of villages the two Sadhus one day arrived at a place called Chandi. According to their custom they spent the day in telling the people about Jesus Christ and in the evening went about in search of food and shelter. By that time almost every one in the village had come to know that the two sadhus were Christians and so no one would allow them even to touch their houses, much less let them in for the night. Left to their own resources the two Sadhus went into the public *serai* (inn). Those who have experience of the hills know what these *serais* are like. Besides being full of bugs and sand-flies, a thick layer of mud carpeted the floor and a stupefying stench pervaded the whole place. In a place like this sleep was absolutely out of the question, although the sadhus who had been walking and working hard during the day, were sometimes overwhelmed with sleep, but cold and hunger soon drove it away. "Although our bodies" says Sunder "were in very great trouble and pain, yet there was a strange unaccountable joy in our hearts which seemed to pervade our whole being, over and over again our hearts poured forth torrents of melody and we spent the whole night in alternate praying and psalm-singing.

The memorable night at Jhoki.

Once again the two sadhus arrived at a village called Jhoki. Like the rest of their countrymen the people of this place too are woefully ignorant and superstitious, so they refused to do anything in the way of helping the poor sadhus. However one of the farmers

allowed them to stay the night in the verandah of his house. This was little better than staying out in the open, for the verandah was quite unprotected, and there was nothing to stop the chilly wind cutting their faces. Seeing their miserable condition the master of the house took pity on them and as a great favour gave them two dirty, smelly mats to cover themselves with. Being grateful to get what they could the sadhus used them for covering their barely clad bodies and saved themselves from being frozen to death.

The next morning when they got up they had nothing to eat, nor could they expect to get anything from the villagers. However, after a lot of entreating the same man who had given the mats for their covering brought them some coarse, dry bread. "Mr Stokes said," says Sunder, "although I have been treated to some of the daintiest and most sumptuous meals in America, yet I cannot think of one single one which I enjoyed and relished half so much as I have this dry bread."

After a few months' tour together in the hills, the two sadhus returned to Kotgarh. Mr. Stokes deciding on a short furlough at home left for America, while Sunder went down to the plains and spent a few months working in the Leper Asylum at Sputu, and the Punjab Plague camp at Lethore.

Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be:
Deny thyself, thy world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down,
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to win the glorious crown.

CHAPTER IV.

Tour through Eombay.

— o —
I work that I may fitted be
For more than angels work above
When of this life's strange mystery
The meaning I shall prove.

— o —

Starting again from Kotgarh and visiting several towns and villages on the way Sunder came through to Karachi with the intention of going to Palestine. He had long cherished a desire to visit the land where his own Lord had moved and ministered. But the way was not open for him and he had to postpone his plans and set out on a tour through the Bombay Presidency.

Rejected by his own.

This being the first time that he had even visited this part of India, Sunder had to face countless hardships and difficulties on account of his unfamiliarity with the dialect, and the people of these parts. Often he had to walk miles on foot, spend his nights out in the open, or under trees, and go without food for several days at a stretch. During this tour he one day came to Nasik. After the day's strenuous walk in the blazing heat of an Eastern summer, Sunder was nearly fainting through weakness by the time he reached the city. In this time of sore need he could not think

of anyone else except the Missionary whom he thought would be ready to help and support the worn-out Christian preacher.

Inquiring his way to the Mission Compound Sunder neared the Missionary's bungalow. It was with considerable difficulty that he obtained admission into the stately compound and even then the grandiloquent *Khidmatgar* had to be repeatedly entreated and flattered with low down courtesies before he was led to the *barā sahib's* (*i.e.* the Missionary's) office. No sooner did the *sahib* see the *fauqir* (*or Sadhu*) coming his way than he came hurrying out of his office, and before Sunder had half-finished his appeal the Missionary blurted out, "I am sorry I cannot do anything to help you." This was enough for Sunder and he did not stop to urge his appeal but with a heart pierced with sorrow and anguish he turned his steps out of the compound. "I nearly wept," says Sundar, "on being thus lightly treated by those from whom I expected the most and could well imagine the anguish of my Master's heart when He said, "*I came to my own and my own received me not.*"

He had not gone very far on the way when the *Sahib's* *Khidmatgar* came running after him and told him that the *Sahib* summoned him back. Sunder was rather astonished at this and was wondering why the *Padre* should have called him back. On his return the Missionary brought out a small packet and handed it over to Sunder, and told him that it had come by post and had been lying with him for some weeks. Sunder quietly took the packet and as he walked out of the compound, he was wondering where to go for help. A few minutes' walk from the Mission Bungalow brought him to a canal. Famished and footsore as he was, he threw himself down helplessly on its bank to take a little rest. While sit-

ting here and mourning his sad fate it occurred to him to open the packet, which he had so long held in his hand. Opening the packet he found a cake inside. Sunder was too hungry to wait till he had puzzled out the enigma of the packet and the cake, so blessing the Lord for His gift, he started eating it.

One difficulty having been solved his next thought was how to get to the other town which he wanted to reach before the day was over. It would have been foolish to walk the whole distance, for he was already stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity; and the exertion would certainly have proved too severe for his feeble frame. He was thus ruminating over the difficulty when all of a sudden he discovered a gold piece in the cake he was eating. Now all problems were solved, and all his needs supplied. All this was a corroborative evidence of God's providence, and the thought gained strength and conviction in his mind that there was no human hand in the wonderful solution of his difficulties, but that it was due to God's loving care with which He supplies the needs of His faithful servants.

Yet never by Thee am I forgot
But helped in deepest need.

He Careth.

Sunder relates a similar incident when he was fed in a mysterious way, in a place called Kamyan. Here too as in several other places his enthusiastic preaching resulted in his being hooted and driven out of the city. Weary and fatigued as he already was he felt miserably dejected and forlorn on being driven out into the jungle; besides he was feeling woefully enfeebled on account of

excessive hunger. Under the strain of this critical situation, Sunder distorted and magnified his troubles and grumbled at the way God seemed to have deserted him. Helpless and hungry he lay down under a tree to rest his overstrained nerves. Soon the balmy breeze of the evening that blew over the fragrant palmyra and the cocoanut lulled the weary traveller to sleep.

Sometime in the middle of the night feeling a nudge at the elbow, Sunder got up and saw two men standing over him. One had a goblet and a glass in his hand, while the other held a platter of food. Sleepy and hungry as he was, he did not stop to inquire who these two men were but fell to eating with a ravenous appetite. After the hearty meal Sunder felt more himself and became conscious of the fact that it was the dead of the night and he was in the heart of a dense jungle, a good way away from any habitation. Now as he looked up in order that he might thank his benevolent feeders and ask them where they had come from, he was amazed to find that they had both disappeared and were no where to be seen. "They disappeared in the twinkling of an eye" says Sunder, "and they could not have slipped into the jungle for the place where I lay was clear of trees. Moreover I was conscious enough at that time to see if they had walked away from beside me. I had grumbled and I had groused that I had been left alone and now I felt deeply mortified at my faithlessness, and yet in the painful remorse for my repeated sin there was a note of blended joy and gratitude that the Lord had given me another proof of His gracious words; "Lo I am with you always" and allowed me another opportunity to "suffer and be strong" in my faith.

Unnumbered blessings, rich and free Sweet tokens, written with Thy name,
Have come to us, our God from Thee. Bright angels from Thy face they came.

CAPTER V.

Tour through Tibet, (i)

My body will I sacrifice, may life will I lay down in thy service my noble land. Some will laugh and some will cry at this ecstasy of love. But I heed them not. Born to fulfil my relationship as a son to thee, I will fulfil it. May God help me.

Returning from his long tour through Bombay, Central India, and other parts of the country, Sunder took a short holiday at Kotgarh and then started again on the 26th February on a tour through Tibet. Stopping and preaching in various places like Rampur, Kulu, and Chini, he at last arrived at Poo, a small town on the borders of Tibet. In this place he met two Moravian Missionaries, Revds. Marcks and Kink, by name, who are doing a wonderful piece of work in this dark and sequestered corner of India. Sunder was greatly impressed by the work carried on here by the Missionaries, and he stayed and worked with them for nearly a week. This was the first time that he had ever visited Tibet, hence he was totally ignorant of the language and knew very little about the people. In order to facilitate his work and help him on with the language the Moravian Missionaries lent him a helper who accompanied him a good long way from Poo, and worked with him for nearly two months.

Tibet.

Styled the *Switzerland of Asia*, Tibet is one of the most backward countries of the world in point of civilization. The inhabitants

are slack and superstitious, rigidly orthodox and haters of all other religions except their own. Religion bulks large in the popular mind and is the only force that welds them together into a nationality. Buddhism is the prevailing religion of the country. The *Dalai* or the *Grand Lama* is believed to be omniscient, and the inhabitants make long pilgrimages to pay him divine honours. He dwells in a monastery which is as sacred to the Tibetans as was the Temple to the Jews.

The Lama is believed to impersonate the soul of Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, this soul merely passing into another body when the Lama dies. The country abounds in Buddhist monasteries which appear like wild mushrooms in every niche of the country. The Tibetan way of saying prayers is undoubtedly a marvel of human invention. They have the words *Om mane padme hum*, of which none knows the meaning, written on wheels and cylinders, which are turned round either by themselves or by means of windmills. The turning of these wheels is regarded as equal to the reiteration of the prayers written on them.

After two months Sunder's companion had to return to his station. Being alone, and regardless of risking his life in the service of the Master, he entered the Tibetan territory, and went about preaching fearlessly and without any fear of death or persecution. Everywhere he went his preaching had the effect of rousing fierce enmity and hatred on the part of the Tibetans, and specially the Buddhist Priests. He often saw them clenching their fists and gnashing their teeth at him as he stood telling the people about Jesus Christ. Fortunately nobody dared to lay hands on him, so that for several days Sunder went about preaching and

managed to enter Tshingham without any trouble.

Man may trouble and distress me
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest,

Kartar Singh the Martyr.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

It was at this place called Tshingham that Sunder for the first time came to know about Kartar Singh, a Christian Martyr who had suffered death on account of his bold and undaunted witnessing of the Cross of Christ.

Briefly Kartar Singh's history is as follows:—

Like Sunder, Kartar was also a *Sikh* by clan, and Harnam Singh his father was a rich land holder in the Patiala State, who had set great hopes on his promising boy and was confidently looking forward to the day when his son's name would be emblazoned abroad on official documents and title deeds, and he would be proclaimed as one of the great Sirdars or pillars of the Maharaja's State.

Kartar being the only son of his parents was the apple of his father's eye. He had been bred and brought up with all the luxury and sumptuous style of a wealthy *Sikh* Sirdar, and every provision made to give him the best of education with a view to equip him for worldly advancement. His early career and training at home had been wholly secular; religious teaching had been scrupulously disregarded and studiously neglected. But in spite of all efforts to keep Kartar clear of any sense of religion and religious responsibi-

lities, he had been growing up not only with a deep sense of religion but with a deep seated conviction of the truth of Christianity which he had kept concealed for reasons both secular and sacred, private as well as public.

Reaching the age of discretion when he could lawfully shake off the rights of parents and guardians and effectively remonstrate against the oppressions of offended relations, he openly declared that he was a Christian. This declaration, incredible as it at first seemed to be was regarded as the very acme of disgrace, and infamy, for it meant disaster to Katar's own life, and degradation and ostracism to the family. Yet the declaration was a stern fact and somehow or other it had to be faced. All attempts at recovering the apostatizing youth having failed; the father sent the boy's prospective young and charming wife to try if her beauty and love could charm him away from his Jesus Christ. With dishevelled hair and eyes swollen with constant weeping the young beauty came and threw herself down at the feet of her beloved. "I have surrendered my heart to thee" she said, "wilt thou not do the same, and giving up your Jesus Christ avert the impending disaster to you and myself?" "I had but one only heart my dear one" replied Kartar "and the same has been won by Jesus, the Liberator of my soul. He is now the sole Monarch of my heart. I have none other left now to give to thee." This was enough for the young betrothed; sobbing and sad, she returned to her father-in-law and told him that nothing had availed to move Kartar's stubborn heart, not even her tears and humble entreaties.

Kartar had heard the call of Christ, and that was conclusive. He stood calm and austere amongst his remonstrating and threaten-

ing relations. Tears and threats having all alike failed he was finally turned out of his home and driven naked and hungry into the jungle.

After a few hours in the forest Kartar went back to the city, and working as a labourer earned a few annas to buy himself some food, and a long kurta to cover his naked body. It may not sound very much, yet it needs little consideration to realize how much it must have meant to this high born and luxuriously nurtured young *Sikh* to isolate himself from his kith and kin, and to expose his body to the violence of a hot climate like that of the Punjab, and to go about barefooted, bareheaded, and almost naked proclaiming the name of Jesus Christ. But Kartar counted all difficulties light in the ardour of his pursuit, and rejoiced in the thought that it was all for the sake of his Master and his Lord.

I give my heart to Thee—
O Jesus most desired;
And heart for heart the gift must be
For Thou my soul hath fired.

But Patiala was not to be the sphere of Kartar's activities in the interest of his faith. His mission was not to his own countrymen but to the Tibetans in the remote North. So a stay of a few weeks in his own and a few other towns of the Punjab sufficed to equip him with sufficient experience of the trials and hardships that he had to cope with in Tibet. A few weeks' journey over cliffs and crags brought him to Tibet, the land of his adoption, and martyrdom.

The country he had chosen was an exceedingly hard one. The people were superstitious and blood-thirsty. Yet in spite of all

that his enemies the Buddhists could do, this undaunted soldier of the Cross went steadily on with his accepted duty and sworn task. Wherever he went enmity and opposition were in the forefront, and plots were hatched against his life. Kartar was fully conscious of all this, but on he went with his work, undaunted and undismayed. To the power of the message was added the charm of the messenger, so that in spite of the burning hatred of *many*, at least *some* hearts were touched with the fire of the zeal with which he delivered his message.

But this could not go on for very long, and this devoted servant of the Lord soon met with the end he had long foreseen but did not dread. All efforts at driving him out of the country having failed, he was finally brought before the Lama at Tshingham with the charge that he had violated the laws of the country by his unlawful entrance into the territory and preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ. These crimes were heinous enough in the eye of any Tibetan authority, hence Kartar was straightway sentenced to torture and mutilation, which led to his death. Unruffled and undaunted as Kartar had stood in the Lama's presence and heard the sentence of death passed on him, he now quietly followed his enemies, and serene and resolute, calm and self-possessed, he walked towards the scene of execution. "Hear and mark," cried he as he walked his way to Calvary, "you rejoice because I have been sentenced to bodily death, but remember the day will soon come when you will be sentenced to eternal death if you do not turn to Jesus Christ." Now he was stripped naked of his scanty clothes and sewn tightly in a wet Yak's skin and put out in the sun. The skin which contracted and shrunk as it dried in the heat served as a rack of

torture. The enemies laughed and jeered as they heard the victim's bones crackle under the contracting skin, but not a cry of anguish nor a groan of pain proceeded from Kartar's mouth; on the contrary he was shouting "Halleluiah"! "Glory to God"! as he lay dying under the increasing pain of torture.

Yea, in the throbbing head Thou bearest still
The largest portion, and the labouring breast
Emptied of all but Thee is doubly blest;
The sorest pain yet summers in Thy will,
And every pang is of Thy joy possesst.

Full three days Kartar lay agonizing in the clutches of death, on the fourth he begged his right hand to be let out of the skin so that he could write a few last words in his *Injil*. This was allowed and with a pencil Kartar wrote a few lines and couplets in Urdu which read thus in English:—

I give to Him, who gave to me,
My life, my all, all His to be.
My debt to Him how dare I pay,
Tho' live I may to endless day.
I ask not one but thousand lives,
For Him, and His to sacrifice.
See how the heathen wife attends,
For dead love's sake the pyre ascends,
Oh! will I then not gladly die,
For Jesus' sake and ask not why?

Kartar had been gradually sinking under the terrific weight of bodily torture, yet he had never sighed nor sobbed. And when his weary heart and failing head began to warn him that the evening of life was drawing nigh, he gave God thanks and addressing his persecutors said "What stand ye watching, the death of a Christian?"

No, this is not death for Death itself is being swallowed up in victory through Jesus Christ the Lord."

After this he fondly turned to Jesus, prayed forgiveness for his enemies, and crying in a loud voice, 'Lord Jesus receive my soul' he entered his heavenly Home.

When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father grant Thy wearied one
 Rest for evermore!
When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,—
 Life for evermore!

The fruit of Martyrdom.

Kartar passed away, but his work lived on. Amongst those who had witnessed the last scene of his life was a *Munshi* (Chief Secretary) of the Lama of Tshingham. On Kartar's death this man picked up the deceased's little *Injil* and began to read it casually. The word of God pierced his heart like a sword and he was soon won for the Lord Jesus. With the confession of His name, a joy entered his soul, which bubbled out of his heart the more he endeavoured to conceal. So one day he openly told his master that he was a Christian like Kartar "You will also have to die like Kartar," replied the Lama, "if you will follow his God." Presently this bold Christian was sentenced to death and carried to the scene of execution. A harsher fate attended him than had befallen Kartar. He was sewn up in a *Yák* skin, the shameful brand of Tibetan oppression and put out into the sun as his predecessor had been. Now his body was poked and pierced with red hot

skewer's and spindles. Finding that did not kill him, the tyrants released him from the squeezing skin, tied a rope to his legs and dragged his helpless corpse through the public streets as sweepers do a dead dog. Next, splinters of wood were driven into his nails and his mangled corpse flung on the dunghill. The brutal Tibetans came back exultant that they had despatched the Christian dog, but this true Christian had yet some more days in store which he was to spend in his Lord's service. Some hours after his tormentors had gone, he recovered consciousness, and having overcome his infirmities he crawled down to his house. Shortly afterwards when all his wounds and bruises were salved and healed, this bold soldier of the Cross again set out on his mission of preaching the Gospel to his countrymen. 'This man' says Sundar. "is one the many results of Kartar's invaluable services, and he still preaches the Gospel with indefatigable diligence. The Lama and his subjects, superstitious and silly as they are, think him possessed of supernatural power, and so they are afraid to interfere with his work, lest the wrath of his God should fall on them."

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life!
Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

A friendly Lama.

One day Sunder arrived at a certain town called Tashiking, the residence of a very prominent Lama who was the head ruler of nearly 400 petty Lamas or governors of small areas.

'It was freezingly cold the day I arrived there' says Sunder, 'the blood seemed to congeal in my veins; my lips were so frozen that I could only with great difficulty speak a few words, while at times I could hardly wink my eyes. Here I was given a most unexpected welcome by the big Lama. Besides arranging for my food and shelter at night, he ordered a large gathering of all the men of his town and then asked me to preach the Gospel to them. O how I poured forth my heart in thanking the Lord for giving me this golden opportunity of preaching His Name to the bitterest of His foes.'

The Lama of Tashiking then sent Sunder to another important Lama. This Lama too entertained Sunder with amazing kindness and extraordinary leniency, showed him his extensive library and allowed him opportunities of preaching the Word.

Leaving him, Sunder visited and preached at a number of other towns and villages. He met with bitter opposition wherever he went, was repeatedly asked to leave the territory, and was often told that if he persisted in preaching he would be treated in the same way as Kartar had been. But Sunder was not the man to flinch from risking his life in the service of his Master and went steadily and fearlessly on with his sworn task, delivering his message to every one who came in his way.'

CHAPTER VI.

Tour through Tibet (ii)

There were strange soul depths, restless, vast and broad.
Unfathomed as the sea:
An infinite craving, for some infinite stilling:
But now thy perfect love is perfect filling!
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, thou art enough for me!

The conversion of a Budhist.

Trudging over crags and cliffs, Sunder was one day pressing towards a certain place when suddenly he came to a cave where he saw a man sitting with closed eyes, his hair tied to the ceiling and an expression of settled boredom on his face. On being asked, the man told Sunder his whole history; how he had spent all his life in pursuing the business of the world and following its vain pursuits; but becoming alarmingly conscious of the fact that he had made little provision to obtain *Nirvana, he had given up all worldly ambitions and was now spending his time in †Yogia.

"But," said he "the harder I meditate, the more miserable I feel. I have become conscious of an unaccountable desire to probe the secret of real human happiness on earth, but it seems beyond my ken. Now I am made with musing weak and my heart is sick with thought, for I agonize in the pangs of a fearful inward pain."

Hearing this Sunder read him a few verses like the following "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and told him something about his own Saviour.

*Nirvana: or salvation from the evils of existence †Yogia: meditation.

Sunder noticed an expression of relief and satisfaction come over the wretched man's face as he read and expounded to him several other passages from the Bible. "Tell me more about this wonderful Friend of the fallen and Help of the helpless" cried he, and then listened very attentively to all that Sunder told him about Jesus.

"Now is my soul at rest" cried the man, jumping out of the cave, as Sunder finished speaking "make me a disciple of this merciful Master and lead me to Him." Then he urged Sunder to baptize him on the spot and give him a Christian name. But Sunder did not want to hasten matters, and so he asked him to follow him to a mission station, where he entrusted him to the care of missionaries, to be properly trained and instructed in the faith.

Safe in His keeping.

One morning while it was still dark Sunder slipped out into the jungle and seating himself on a projecting crag in front of a cave, was communing and conversing with his God before he started the day's labours. His devotions over, he sat musing over the open scene before him, when suddenly his ears caught the sound of heavy sniffing. Looking anxiously round into the cave behind him he perceived a huge full-sized panther crouching listlessly on his loins and wistfully gazing at him. Seeing this uncanny sight so suddenly, Sunder was frightened out of his wits, "with my heart in my mouth" says he, "I threw myself down on the ground below, where I stood gazing helplessly at the cave above with a palpitating heart which was not relieved till I was fortified with

the thought that God, who had shut the panther's mouth at the time when he sat within only a few feet of me, would certainly save me from all further harm." To Sunder this was another proof of God's loving care of him. When on his return to the village he told the people about his providential escape, they all marvelled at his words saying, "This same panther has killed many of our village people, the God who has saved you from him must undoubtedly be a great God." "The most gratifying result of this escape," says Sunder, "was that the villagers were most willing to hear me when I told them about Jesus, and many hearts were touched."

When Daniel faithful to his God
Would not bow down to men,
And by God's enemies was hurled
Into the lions' den;
God shut the lions' mouths we read
And robbed them of their pray;
And the God that lived in Daniel's time
Is just the same today.

Sunder's persecution and mysterious release from a blind well.

During his tour in Tibet, Sunder was often warned either to stop his preaching or to clear out of the country; but he heeded neither threats nor warnings and went steadily on delivering his message. At the same time he was well aware that the opposition and enmity of the Tibetans was gathering volume, and that one day it would burst out with overwhelming fury. He also knew that the temporary lull only presaged a fiercer outburst in the near future,

yet he was resolute in the performance of his duties and withstood all opposition at the risk of his life.

After a few weeks' rambling in a number of villages, he one day entered a certain place called Rasar. Plots had probably been made before his entry, hence soon after his arrival in the city he was arrested and brought before the Lama, and was accused of entering the country without a passport and of preaching heresy.

The accusation being found true, Sunder was ordered to be thrown into a blind well, which was the usual form of punishing the most heinous crimes against the State. Presently he was thrown into the well and the ponderous iron gate on the top was padlocked. This dark, dank hole, the very abode of Death, as it might well be called, Sunder thus describes :--

"Everywhere I laid my hands I felt nothing but bones and skulls, and there was such a smell in the place that it almost drove me mad." For three whole days Sunder lay agonizing with hunger and writhing with pain in the whole body, and specially in the arm which had been intentionally fractured by a blow from the sentry's club who had thrown him down the well. Sleepless nights and unrelieved tension, hours of endurance and racking pain, all began to exact their toll, and Sunder felt sure that his life would soon burn away. This was a kind of foretaste of death, but Sunder, whom nature has endowed with one of those stout hearts, from which pain or peril can seldom extort any signs of weakness, was inwardly confident that if it pleased Him, He would yet save his life. Although at times he felt miserably dejected at the thought of perishing in this doleful darkness rather than die in the act of witnessing for Him before his persecutors. On the third day, some

time in the middle of night, he heard some one rattle the iron gate at the top and shout, "Hold fast to the rope which I am letting down to pull you out." Finding the rope at his side, Sunder clung fast to it and presently found himself outside the well. Pulling Sunder over the parapet, the man who had let down the rope, rattled the door into its place and padlocked it. This done Sunder saw the man suddenly disappear. "I greatly marvelled at this mysterious help," says Sunder, "but I now know that it was only one of the many instances in which Jesus Himself came to save me. Further corroborative evidence of this was the fact that my broken arm seemed to have been re-adjusted and cured by the touch of my Helper's hand as He lifted me up by it. I was no sooner out of the well that all the pain and smarting vanished away." Sunder lay here the rest of the night. Next morning he again hobbled into the city and stayed in an inn till he was strong enough to move out. News soon reached the Lama that the Christian Sadhu whom he had consigned to the well had been again seen in the village, consequently Sunder was speedily arrested again and brought before the authorities. Reddened to the ears with offended dignity and frothing at the mouth with anger, the Lama asked him who had taken him out of the well, whereupon Sunder told the whole story of his release from beginning to end. A search to detect the offender having failed, it was now inquired as to which of the civil authorities had the key of the padlock, which was of such a strong and peculiar make, that none except the possessor of its proper key could unlock. Every one denied possession and at last turning to his own bunch the Lama found it there. All looked surprised and dumbfounded at this marvel, and overawed with superstitious fear the Lama entreated Sunder to clear out of his territory, lest

the vengeance of his God should descend on him and his people.

O holy Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean :
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !
Blest with communion so Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?

Safe in danger.

One day while crossing a khud Sunder missed his balance and fell some feet below the height along which he was trudging. His violent fall sent a big stone rolling over the khud, which falling right on a cobra, crushed it to death. Seeing this three cowherd boys, who had witnessed Sunder's fall, came running across to him and said. "You are surely God's elect, for He has not only saved you from being bitten by this cobra, but re-opened the path to public traffic. This snake, which has so miraculously been killed through your fall, has bitten several people to death with the result that nobody dared cross this path for fear of being bitten by the venomous beast." After this the cowherds carried Sunder to their village, entertained him for over a week, and listened to his preaching with absorbing interest and overwhelming admiration. "Some might call it a chance occurrence," says Sunder, "but I have no doubt that God's hand was in this. He not only saved me from certain death, but gave me the golden opportunity of telling these people about Him, which they appreciated, and received more readily than they would have done under ordinary conditions."

Drawn by his bleeding feet.

Lead me now and always,
Even to the last,
Till the way is ended,
And the darkness past ;

Till I reach the glory
I was born to share,
This its crown and centre
That my Lord is there !

Coming down a snow clad mountain Sunder once cut his toe on a sharp stone. Alighting on the public path at the foot, he sat down to bandage and rest his bleeding toe. A few yards from him sat another man, sad and dreary looking. When he saw Sunder thus in pain he got up from his place, and coming near asked him how he was and how he happened to come that way, whereupon Sunder told the man that he was a Christian Sadhu and that for the sake of his Saviour Jesus he was thus going about preaching the Gospel at the risk of his life. Hearing this the man befriended Sunder and convoyed him to his house in an adjoining village.

This man's name was Tashi who was the chief secretary of the Lama of the district and a man of high education and position. Arriving at the house he told Sunder his whole history ; how he had had a university career at Calcutta, and from his earliest days at College had been impressed by the teaching about Jesus Christ "And I cannot express to you," said he, "the joy that filled my heart when you told me that you were a Christian Sadhu. Looking at your bleeding foot, something within me seemed to say there must be some great power behind this life of happy self-denial. Since the time that I was first touched by the teaching of Jesus, I have

regularly studied the Bible and found much consolation for my world-weary soul, but I have had some serious doubts which have unfortunately never been solved, and it is my special plea that you will kindly help me in this matter and relieve my doubts." After Sunder had stayed with him for ten or twelve days Tashi sent him to another Lama who was his friend, and like him, was very favourably inclined towards Christianity. During the time that Sunder was absent with the Lama, Tashi had been spending his time in prayer, asking grace for final decision. On Sunder's return he looked a new man; the gloom and sulk on his face had given place to an expression of overflowing joy and cheerfulness.

Tashi had been a true Christian at heart for some time and had also taught his family about Christ, certain considerations had caused their baptism to be deferred, but as a result of Sunder's teaching them for over ten days they were all ready to accept Christ openly, so before Sunder left the place he had the glorious privilege and the unbounded joy of baptizing nine of the family and admitting them into the Church of Christ. The fact of this family being Christian is not a secret in Tibet, but because Tashi is an officer and a man of very high connections, no attempts are made to persecute or drive them out of the Tibetan territory.

Balm for the broken heart.

Going to a place called Newar one day Sunder met a man on the way who stepped blandly towards him, and bid him stand and deliver if he had any cash on him. When Sunder said he had none, the man ransacked his pockets, and on finding nothing he looked very sheepish and mortified and asked Sunder to follow him to his

house in the village, where he treated him with great kindness and gave him some milk to drink before he went away. "After this," says Sunder, "I told him something about Jesus; the man looked very concerned and we parted the best of friends."

Leaving Newar Sunder was going towards another village. On he went trudging over miles of zig zag road but there were no signs of any village. Hungry and footsore, as he was, a feeling of great dejection came over Sunder and he began to feel woefully down-hearted. He was thus wending his weary way, chewing the cud of his own bitter thoughts, when a man came up to him from behind and engaged in conversation with him. There was such a charm in his conversation and Sunder became so deeply interested in it, that he forgot all about his hunger and weariness and went striding along till they came within view of some houses. They had now reached the outskirts of the village, and in order that he might learn more from this wonderful teacher Sunder singled out a clean spot by the roadside and sat down, but

*As slowly he lifted his eyelids
Vanished the vision away.*

He had not had time even to ask his companion to sit down, when he thus mysteriously disappeared. "I sat stricken with amazement" says Sunder, "but as the Maha Rishi at Kailash told me afterwards, I now know that it was an angel of the Lord who had been sent to strengthen and uphold me in my hour of weakness."

He that saveth his life shall lose it

One cold snowy day Sunder, with a Tibetan companion, was hurrying away towards a certain town called Rangt. Arriving

at a khud they found a man in a corner lying unconscious through excessive cold. Seeing this Sunder asked his companion to help him to carry the poor fellow to the village. The man laughed at the request and hurried on his way. So all alone Sunder lifted the dying man on to his own shoulders and walked towards the village. He had not gone very far along the road when he found his Tibetan companion frozen to death. This was due to the cold which had become intensified through excessive snowfall. As for Sunder, he was quite hale and hearty; the friction of the two bodies produced heat in both, and the result was that not only was Sunder protected against the petrifying cold, but his half-dead companion too regained consciousness and was quite himself by the time they reached the village, "Never" says Sunder "have I learnt a more practical exposition of the words of our blessed Lord, "He that saveth his life shall lose it and he that loseth his life shall save it."

Every kindness to another is a little Death
In the divine Image; nor can man exist but by brotherhood.

A Glimpse of His pierced Hand.

I have redeemed Thee, I have called Thee
by thy name: Thou art mine.

It was in Tibet that Sunder first heard the inspiring account of the sufferings and persecutions of a certain soldier of the Cross named Kulzang. This man, a Tibetan by race, had become a Christian through hearing the word of God—that two-edged sword that pierces the hardest of hearts—and was spending his time in telling his country-men about Jesus Christ. Often was he asked either to

desist from preaching or leave the country, but this brave soldier heeded neither threats nor warnings; his heart was too full of love for his Master. At last his enemies lost patience and carrying him down into the valley, they hurled a volley of stones at the poor man, which rendered him insensible. Thinking that he was dead, his brutal enemies left him where he lay and returned to their village.

But the Lord had more days in store for His faithful servant, for, a few hours after his enemies had left him, the poor Christian came to his senses, and finding himself all alone in that dreary spot, a cry of anguish burst forth from his forlorn heart and he longed for a drink from a spring near by, which in his state of exhaustion he could not reach. So he lay groaning and sickening towards his end, when suddenly he saw some one arrive at the spring and bring him water in his open hands. Twice this strange friend gave his parched mouth a cooling draught from the spring, the third time, as he stood pouring water into his thirsty mouth, Kulzang looked more closely at those kindly hands and saw that they were pierced. "O my Jesus"! went the helpless cry from his mouth, as he threw himself at His Friend's Feet and kissed them. Lifting his head, he raised his tearful eyes to look at Him, but He was gone. Oh! how happy would he have been if the Lord had said to him,

"Rise, clasp My hand and come";
but with no less happiness Kulzang got slowly up and crawled to his house, rejoicing at the thought that for His Master's sake he had yet "more deaths to die."

I would not change my suffering for a bed
Of roses with no thorn to pierce my head,
Without the joy of sorrow:
For to the Crucified I have been wed,
Who is To-day, To-morrow.
I could not see the sun within the sky
Unless I viewed it all from Calvary.

CHAPTER VII.
Adventures in Garhwal and suburbs.

Let the birds have their nests.
Foxes their holes,
And man his quiet bed ;
Good Saviour in my breast
Deign to repose
There Thy neglected head.

Like Tibet, Gharwal is also a Native State, carefully barricaded against all Christian influence. Here too Sunder met with the same amount of opposition and hatred as he had confronted in Tibet, and often had to go days and weeks without any proper food, just managing to sustain his life by devouring wild berries, and sometimes the leaves of trees. Repeated efforts to persuade him to leave the territory having failed, he was one day cast into prison at a place called Teri. But Sunder lost no opportunities, and carried his message to the convicts there. Seeing this, the Jailors informed the Raja that as a result of the Christian Sadhu's preaching, many of the prisoners had begun to believe in Jesus. At this Sunder was speedily taken out of the prison and ordered to be driven clean out of the territory.

Man deceiveth but God receiveth.

One day as Sunder entered a certain town near Teri, a party of men deceitfully advised him to hasten to a certain village where the people were very friendly disposed towards Christian preachers. But this as it proved later, was only a stratagem to lead him into the maze of dense jungle that lay around. Sunder had not the wisdom to cipher out the intrigues of these wicked people at the time ; so, rejoicing in the fancied success of his work, he hurried towards the supposed village. But in spite of the forced marches through fen and forest, he seemed to near no habitation or village, on the contrary, he found himself right in the heart of a dense jungle. Presently he arrived at a small stream, and thinking that he could easily cross it he immediately stepped into it. But he soon discovered that the current was too strong to be waded through, and so had to come back.

Helpless and hopeless he sat on the bank, wondering how soon he would be devoured by some wild beast. Dusk was gathering fast. Every sound of nature at that bewitching hour fluttered his excited imagination : the deep moan of the flowing stream ; the boding howl of the hyæna ; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, and the shrill whistling of the wind piping over the crested cliffs. He was thus sitting, dead-beat and tired, puzzling his brains vainly over some means of escape, when suddenly he caught sight of a man on the other side of the stream, who calling out to him "Wait ! I am coming to your rescue," jumped into the stream, and swam across to him. Then seating Sunder on his shoulders, the man presently swam back to the other side, quite undismayed

by the strength of the tide. Reaching the bank he shewed Sunder a fire which he had just lit, where he could dry his drenched *kurta*.

Immediately after this the man disappeared. "I was caught in the terrible pangs of remorse at my repeated unbelief," says Sunder, "how many tangible proofs I had had of His loving kindness and care of me and yet how many times I had mistrusted Him! I repented of my sin and returned thanks for His great goodness."

From pain and care,
O Lord, I ask not to be free;
But this my prayer—
Open my eyes to see
That Thou art guiding me.
Then I can bear
To walk in darkness still,
Walking with Thee, submissive to Thy will.

The enemy astounded.

— o : —
The Lord is on my side; I will not fear:
What can man do unto me? Ps. 113-6.

One day Sunder was preaching to a gathering crowd outside the city of Srinagar in Garhwal, when some hot-headed young bigots challenged him to come inside the city and preach there. Not afraid either of discussion or death, Sunder strolled into the city and started preaching in the public square. His enemies stood frothing at the mouth with "hymns of hate" as they heard Christ's Name thus openly proclaimed to the attentive audience, while some hurried to fetch their learned *Pundit to stop the mouth of the 'Christian dog' as they called him.

* Pundit: a religious teacher.

Presently the *Pundit* arrived. Striding up to where Sunder stood, he put his forefingers into Sunder's mouth and then into his own, saying in a loud voice "This have I done in order to prove to you that we two are brothers, and not enemies as you think, for we both believe that Jesus Christ is the Saviour." Many faces in the crowd went pale with despair and hatred as they witnessed this most astounding sight, while Sunder's enemies, thus rendered speechless by their own authority, began to disappear one by one. His talk over, the *Pundit* took Sunder to his own house and there told him that he had once been an Extra Assistant Commissioner in Calcutta and had obtained the M. A. degree of the Calcutta University.

"But I was always a lover of religion" said he "hence in order to attain heaven on earth I relieved myself of the responsibilities and cares of the work-a-day world and became a *Sanyasi. But when the study and the practice of my own religion brought me no peace of mind or cheer of soul, I took to the study of Christianity and was soon persuaded that in Jesus, and Him alone, is true happiness and that He is the only safe Haven of Peace from the stormy vicissitudes of life. Now" he said "I am my Master's slave and the whole object and end of my stay in these dark parts is to attract people to this Wonderful Saviour. By His grace I have already won sixteen souls for Him and I rest assured, His grace abiding, that I shall win many more in time to come." This was one of the happiest days in my Sadhu's career," says Sunder, "praising and glorifying His Name, I took leave of my Christian brethren in the place and proceeded to the next town."

* Sanyasi: a synonym for Sadhu, meaning a wandering friar.

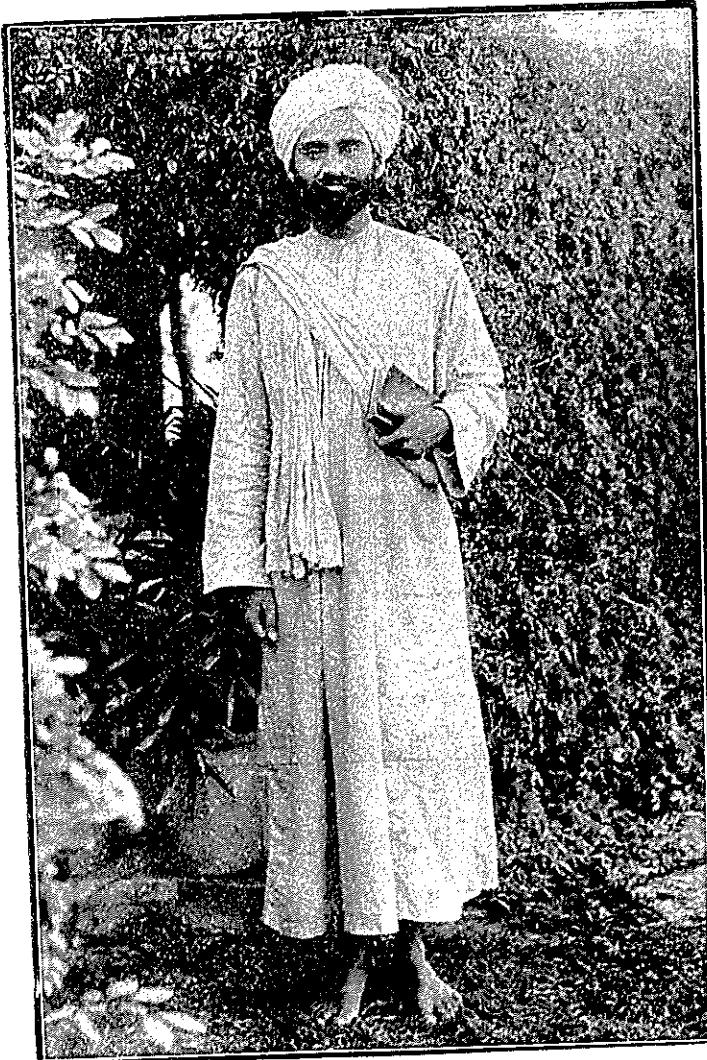
The curse of sin.

One day Sunder was going towards a certain village, when a little way before him on the road he saw two men strolling to and fro, one of whom disappeared all of a sudden. Arriving at the spot the other came up to him and, pointing to a body covered with a white sheet, said weeping "That is my companion who has died on the way, I am a stranger in this country; please help me with some money that I may provide for his burial." Sunder felt very greatly for the miserable man, and gave away the only thin blanket and the only two pice (two farthings) he had in his possession, and which some one on the way had given him to pay the toll for crossing the bridge he was to pass on the way.

Sunder had not gone very far on the road when the man came running after him and fell at his feet. "What is the matter" enquired Sunder. "My companion is really dead" sobbed out the man, "Really dead," asked Sunder, "what do you mean?" At this the man got up and told their whole history, how for years they had carried on this profession of cheating travellers, shamming death by turns. "But you are some great saint," cried the man, "as the curse of God has fallen on my comrade and he is really dead. Thank God that it was not my turn to sham death today, or the curse would have fallen on me." Then the man cringed and cried for forgiveness, at which Sunder told him about Jesus, Who is the true Forgiver of sins. "Make me His disciple," said the man, "for I would be absolved of my past sins and lead a new life." Then, begging permission to follow him on his tour, he accompanied Sunder wherever he went. Finally Sunder sent him to a mission station

near Garhwal, where he was properly taught the Faith and later on baptized. Now this man is one of the most enthusiastic and zealous preachers of the Gospel, striving to bring others to the Saviour Who has saved his own soul.

Come ye sinners, drifting downwards,
Weak and wretched, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
He is able to save - doubt no more.



SUNDER IN HIS FULL ATTIRE OF A SADHU.



SUNDER IN HIS FULL ATTIRE OF A SADHU.

near Garhwal; where he was properly taught the Faith and later on baptized. Now this man is one of the most enthusiastic and zealous preachers of the Gospel, striving to bring others to the Saviour Who has saved his own soul.

Come ye sinners, drifting downwards,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore :
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power
He is able, He is willing—doubt no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

Adventures in Nepal.

Long though my task may be,
 Cometh the end.
 God Himself helpeth me.
 This is His work, and He
 New strength will send.

Like Tibet and Garhwal, Nepál is another country where Christian influence has been held at bay by means of rigorous laws against the entrance of missionaries. The inhabitants are ignorant and superstitious like most of the hill tribes of India. Born of heathen ancestors, hatred of all other religions except their own runs in their very blood. In a country thus adverse to Christian influence the harshest of punishment is all that can be expected for those who deliberately offend against the law of the land, and attempt to preach the Gospel.

Persecution at Ilam.

Life is thought little of in heathen countries and killing is the easiest way out of most difficulties. Hence it was, that very soon after his entrance into the country, Sunder was arrested and taken to a certain village called Ilam. Here he was nailed on to a flat board, and his body covered with leeches. The whole night poor Sunder was hanging in agonies on this board of torture, and thought

his end had come. But in spite of so much pain and agony, he was quite happy and spent the time singing hymns of praise and glory to God.

When the next morning his persecutors came and found him still alive, they all marvelled and thought that he had some talisman, which kept death at bay. Being overawed with superstitious fear, they took him off the board and let him go. The leeches had sucked so much blood out of his naked body, that he reeled as he hobbled away from the spot and once or twice fell unconscious on the ground. His Christian friends in the village (about whom more will be told later) welcomed their fainting and half-dead brother in a most affectionate way and nursed him back to health.

The conversion of a Cut-throat

The following is another incident as edifying as it is amazing, which proves the wonderful way in which God has saved so many lives through His servant.

Sunder was once passing through a dense forest known as Bhalera when about a furlong away he saw four men standing on the road on which he was travelling. As he drew nearer one of them rushed at him with a drawn knife. Paralysed with fear he made no attempt to protect himself, but bowed down his neck before the assassin, awaiting the stroke which would sever his head from his body. Seeing that his victim offered no resistance the man desisted from murdering him and roughly asked him to hand over any money that he had on him. When Sunder told him that he had none, the man ransacked his pockets, and finding this was true, looked very angry; then he hastily snatched the blanket away from Sunder's shoulders and went his way.

Thanking God that his life had been spared, Sunder also went on his way. But he had not gone very far when the man again shouted after him and asked him to come back. "Now" thought Sunder "this man will never let me go alive." He returned, and the man asked him who he was and where he was going. Whereupon Sunder replied that he was a Christian Sadhu and was going about preaching the Gospel. Then Sunder opened his New Testament and read him the story of Dives and Lazarus.

Looking at him Sunder noticed a vacant stare of perplexity upon his face and asked him what he was thinking about. "When this man," replied the thief with a deep-drawn sigh, "who had committed no great sin, was consigned to the flames of hell, what will happen to me, whose whole life is one long record of wilful crime and habitual wickedness?" Seeing his heart thus softened by the Word of God, Sunder read him some more passages out of the Bible and gently rebuked him for the wicked life he had been leading.

Few were his words, but deep they sank into the heart of this miserable man, and sobs of contrition followed that gentle, but telling rebuke. Looking very miserable and terrified, he convoyed Sunder to his little house, and prepared some tea for him. He then spread out his blanket on the floor and seeing Sunder comfortably seated on it, brought the tea and some dried fruit and put them before him, while he himself went and sat at a distance on the floor, saying, "I am not worthy even to sit near you."

The refreshing meal over, Sunder called the man to his side and told him how loathesome sin was, and how dreadful its consequences. Now that night was falling, Sunder thought it advisable to give the man time to think more about his past sin and to feel

the dire necessity of forgiveness. So he prayed a short prayer with him and went to bed.

Next morning before it was light the man woke Sunder and brought him to the mouth of a cave, then pointing to a heap of human skeletons he cried "These are my sins" and as he spoke he burst into hysterics and wept aloud, saying, "My past evils are more than I can bear; tell me if there is any hope of my being saved."

"A warm gush of feeling filled my heart," says Sunder as I saw this poor man so helplessly miserable and heart-broken." Then Sunder had a long talk with him about his past life, and told him how he could make amends for it; then he read out and expounded to him the account of the malefactor who accepted Christ at the last hour. At this the man asked Sunder to pray with him. As the two knelt down to pray the poor thief made a most touching and heart-breaking confession of his sins to God and pledged himself to lead a new life.

"I feel a new man now" he said to Sunder, when the two rose from their prayer, "there is a great burden off my shoulders and my heart is filled with inexpressible joy;"

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

Then he begged Sunder to baptize him, but thinking it better that he should be properly instructed in the Faith before being baptized, he escorted him to a place called Labcha Sikhim and entrusted him to the care of some missionaries, where he was later on Christened by them.

As a result of this marvellous transformation in their chief's life, his other three companions too gave up their ghastly profession, and went and employed themselves in more honourable occupations. This is another proof of the power of the Word of God preached by

the month of his brave servant ; it saved one from pending disaster and changed the lives of three others.

Lord, is there hope for me ?
 When Thou wast crucified
 Thou heardst the malefactor's cry
 Ascending by Thy side
 Wilt Thou my prayer deny ?

 Saved ! saved ! I see it all ?
 My sins alone I bring ;
 The Righteous takes the sinner's place
 God's sinless offering
 All, all is mine--free grace

A night with a leopard ;

Preaching about the villages of the district Thoria, the inhabitants became so spiteful and jealous that Sunder often had to spend his nights out in the jungles, under trees or in caves. Driven out of a certain village, he one day started towards the jungle to find some place of refuge for the night. Wandering about for some time, he at length found his way into a cave, where he spread his little blanket and lay down to sleep.

It was pitch dark inside, and the cave did not seem a very desirable place in which to spend the night ;

"Empty and drear was the room and haunted with phantom of fear" but this was the best shelter he could get and so he went in without any further ado.

When he woke next morning he found himself lying with a huge panther at his side, fast asleep. A thrill of dread ran through

his veins, and an involuntary yell of horror burst from his mouth as he scuttled out of the cave. But on regaining his self-possession, he thought of the wonderful way God had kept him through the night, this drove all his fear away, and relying on God's care he boldly stepped into the cave again, and pulling away the blanket from under the panther, quietly walked out.

Tied to a tree.

Sunder relates another incident which happened to him just outside Nepal in a village called Khantzi. As a result of his bold preaching in this village, the people rolled him up in a blanket, and trundled him out of the village. By chance a man happened to pass that way, and little knowing what Sunder's offence was, took pity on him and released him.

The next day, seeing Sunder back in the village preaching, the people took him miles away from the place, and there tied his hands and feet to a tree. Helpless and hungry he lay there the whole day. The tree to which he was tied had some kind of fruit on it. The famished Sunder longed to get hold of some to appease his hunger, but this was impossible. Exhaustion of brain and body soon sent him to sleep, as the dark of night began to fall.

Opening his eyes in the morning he found some fruit from the tree lying at his side, and his hands and feet loosened from the rope. Sunder praised God for the pain He had allowed him to suffer for His sake, and after partaking of a delicious meal from the fruit by his side, he went on his way strengthened, to proclaim His Name with greater boldness and courage.

Light in the Surrounding Gloom.

As related before, Sunder had to face most bitter and malignant opposition almost everywhere he went in this province, except in the village where he by chance met a Christian *Sanyasi*, named Swami Sada Nand.

"This dear brother," says Sunder, "related to me the whole story of his wonderful conversion; how after many vicissitudes of spiritual unsteadiness he had found perfect peace in the Lord Jesus. 'Now' said this dear man 'although for certain reasons I have not yet been baptized with water, yet I have received the baptism of fire, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and now my only ambition in life is to win my countrymen for the same Saviour 'Who has saved me.'"

After this he showed Sunder the place where he and his converts met for their weekly worship, and told him that over 250 men and women of the district had already believed in the Lord Jesus, "and we are all brothers and sisters in the Lord," said he, "and are the true disciples of our blessed Lord in every respect except that for certain reasons we have not been formally baptized with water. But every one of us is an evangelist, and in our heart of hearts lies the desire to win our country for the Lord and to see the day when, without fear of losing property or possession, we shall be able to confess openly that Jesus Christ is the Lord."

The Reader will remember how, after his persecution at Ilam, Sunder was nursed back to health by some Nepalis. These people were the members of this little Church which the Lord's servant Sada Nand has formed. In the account of the *Sanyasi* mission in the last Chapter of this book the Reader will learn something of

the wonderful work God is doing unknown to the world at large, even in dark parts like Tibet, Garhwal and Nepal, where every attempt is made to check the progress of Christianity. There are little congregations of earnest Christians in each of these provinces, secretly undermining the strength of their ancestral religion.

Let us in the words of Professor Ogilvie hope and pray that the day will soon dawn when "Like Dagon of old the gods of Hinduism will fall down before the Ark of the Lord," and taking up the cry of Thomas, the Church of India will confess at once her Founder and her faith saying

"MY LORD AND MY GOD."

So, take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim?
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same.

"Ogilvie "The Apostles of India."

CHAPTER IX.

The Secret Sanyasi Mission.

—o:o:o—

Glory to Jesus of Nazareth! Hallelujah!

In the last chapter of the book we treat our readers to a concise account of this mysterious organ of the evangelization of India, known as the *Sanyasi Mission*.

It is with great diffidence and repeated apologies to the organizers of the above named Mission that this very brief account is ventured upon. The reason it has been added to this particular book is, that it is solely the result of Sunder's indefatigable labours and keen insight that this great and momentous secret has been brought to light.

Every true Christian in the world will be amazed at the revelation of such a colossal and significant organization as this mission professes to be. Many hearts will break forth into ecstasies of joy and thankfulness to the Great Designer at the thought that the salvation of India is near, and that the era is soon to dawn when,

"The East still East, the West still West

At Love's nail-pierced feet, shall meet,"

and that the millions of India will also soon become inheritors of the great Kingdom which has been prepared from the beginning of the World.

These few words have been very hesitatingly added merely by way of introduction to what follows which the reader should follow very closely in order to grasp its real significance. These details,

it must here be clearly explained, are the very literal translations of the articles—or epistles, as they would better be called—which have been appearing from time to time in the columns of the renowned Christian Weekly, *'The Nur Afshan.'* They are the chance drippings from the pen of one of the leading missionaries of the Sanyasi Mission by name Sawmi Nirbhia Nand Bharti.

These epistles have been a good deal abridged and curtailed for the sake of brevity, and making a liberal allowance for the difficulties of an exact and fair translation of passages of very stodgy Hindi, the accounts here presented should be regarded as thoroughly original as they came from their author.

Sunder could give many tangible proofs of the existence of this great Mission and also of the truth of their statements, but we fear to encroach upon the peace and tranquillity of the Mission lest we in any way tamper with or mar the efficacy of its work, and by taking an illiberal and undue advantage of the little information we have been favoured with, balk the steady progress of this great movement.

We do hope however, that our Brothers, the members of this Mission, will not look askance at the little liberty we have ventured to take, but will in time to come—or perhaps in the very near future—*'Come out from behind the curtain,'* and gladden and rejoice millions of hearts that long for the salvation of India. The paragraphs that now follow are the literal translation of the letters written by Swami Nirbhia Nand for the readers of the *'Nur Afshan.'* Later if occasion permits, a separate and more detailed account of the organization and work of the Sanyasi Mission will be issued.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet,
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

(i) The Christian Sanyasi Mission.

Glory to Jesus of Nazareth!

The heading of this article will cause a sensation throughout the Christian and Non-Christian world, wait, soon the sky will clear up and light will shine all around. See the following:—

Nearly two thousand years ago in Palestine was born God, the Everlasting, and the King of Glory appeared in the form of a Yogi, and He has left behind an indelible impression of His holy and spotless life. Renouncing His glory, He became one with the poor.....Gave His life on the Cross.....Glory! Glory! Glory be to Jesus! At the time of His Ascension He bid His disciples go into all the world and preach the Gospel.....The Lord's disciple Swami Tamsa Nand (St. Thomas) himself came to this country and since his time the Sanyasi Missioners have carried the message of the Gospel all over India; from the Himlayas to Cape Comorin and from the Bay of Bengal to the Arabian Sea. The Mission contains amongst its members men of the highest intellectual and moral attainments whose selfless and holy lives have imparted new life to hundreds of their countrymen.

Friends, these are not dreams nor words spoken in drunkenness; these are solid facts. One other thing which needs clear explanation is that all Sadhus are not alike. A large number of them spend their time in drunken revelry and live despicably loose lives. Real Sadhus are men of high descent and noble breeding, who renounce all the pleasures of the world and the flesh. Many of these Sadhus are Hindus belonging to different sects, but a large

number of them are the followers of our Lord Jesus. We read the Bible, and the same is preached in our 'Houses of Worship,' where there are no idols or images to be seen. We have our own religious journals and tracts which are circulated in different ways, and in these we discuss religious topics in a way entirely our own, without the least tinge of Western influence in them..... We are the followers of the Asiatic Christ, and do not conduct our Missions after Western methods. Nor have we any hired ponies (paid preachers). Dear brethren, we do not mean to despise you, your methods of preaching are perhaps the best for you. Let us only pray for each other's work. One of the elders of our Church is Shankra Charya, who is a Christian Sanyasi by descent and who is known as Lord Shankra Charya the Teacher of the World, by the Hindus. This Shakra Charya is the head of our Church in India.

We people do not mix very freely with our Indian and European Christian brethren, but the day is soon to come and is almost at the door when every tree and every twig will shout praises to the Lord Jesus and there will be one flock and one Shepherd..... Ourselves and the work of our Mission are known only to our Lord and the day is coming when we shall reveal ourselves. It gives us great joy to see your work for Him. It is not our custom to advertise our secrets in papers..... As I write these few lines I have before me a copy of the 'Nur Afshan' of the 14th July 1916 with an exciting article by our worldless, selfless, and godly brother Sunder Singh telling about the Maha Rishi at Kailash. This Christian hermit whom our Brother Sunder has discoverd is also a member of our Church, and has now for several years been on the snowy Himalayas, busy praying and

interceding for the whole world. Reading his account I felt constrained to write a few lines for your valuable paper. God knows what may result from this revelation, but we trust in the Lord Jesus. Sing once more Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah to the Lord Jesus.

(Signed) NIRBHIA NAND BHARTI
ACHCHAPUR.

(ii) More than half of the peoples of India are Christians.

My dear Brethren,

Praise be to our Lord Jesus of Nazareth and glory, Whose power has brought to India able and godly men from distant countries over the seas like the venerable and honoured Dr. E. M. W who although he is a family man is yet a true Sadhu at heart..... Dear Brother Sunder Singh, you have revealed to the world the secret of *one of the prominent members of our mission, viz:— the Maha Rishi at Kailash ; hence we also had to take up the pen though against the rules of our mission.

Now let us turn to the heading of this article. A few weeks ago the Bishop of our diocese said in a lecture that more than half of our countrymen today have accepted Jesus as their Saviour and that idolatry is disappearing from eighty seven per cent. of the temples of India. Some will ask how is it that this secret has not been revealed through the census ? The answer to this is that all the members of our Church are registered according to their various castes..... His Holiness the Bishop also remarked that the Gospel has now been preached in almost every part of the world. and that the Day of the Lord is near at hand. Sing glory to the Lord of Calvary ; Hallelujah !

*This is another testimony which proves the existence of the venerable Maha Rishi at Kailash whom Sunder has met and learnt many valuable lessons from.

Our Lord's visit to India.

We often hear of *fakirs* who can roam about in spirit. Is it impossible then to believe that our Lord, the Lord of heaven and earth, revealed Himself to the whole world in different ways and Himself founded the Church in every land ?..... It is only through His might that so much progress has been made in the evangelization of our country. Only if, putting aside the laws of Natural Science, History, Philosophy etc., men prayed with perfect faith they would see the Lord face to face. May it be known that our missionaries are all men of high education and learning and are not like the two-penny half-penny Sadhus of the Hindu temples. We keep ourselves busy in prayer and fasting and often see the Lord face to face. Our westernized brethren you can call us 'heretics' if you like, but we receive everything that we ask according to His will. Poor fishermen of Galilee brought thousands to the feet of the Master, was it through Science or was it through Philosophy ? No ! It was only through prayer.....

(iii) Our Lord's tour through India.

(INTRODUCTION) How blessed and fortunate is the land where men are enlightened through men of letters. In India the 'Nur Afshan' has no equal in the way that it fulfils its obligations. In a recent issue of the above named paper there appeared an Editorial note on the Christian Sanyasi Mission, which was so full of Christian love that it has had the same effect on our hearts as alum has on gold.

In the Half-Yearly Conference of our Mission, our own Bishop read this Editorial note and said certain things which filled every one of our Mission with great joy and enthusiasm. His Lordship the Bishop said with his own lips 'Although by revealing the secret of our Mission, our chaplain and preacher Nirbhia Nand has done a thing which no one could do without the sanction of the 'Circle Bishop'; yet today it is publicly declared that the time has come for the veil to be lifted and now the actors who have so long been hiding themselves behind the curtain will soon come out and act their parts.....

Now Swami Nirbhia Nand is henceforth accorded permission to write for the Nur Afshan a few such things which may not disclose the deepest of our secrets. Now we turn towards our heading.

From the beginning of creation not only Palestine, but the whole world was looking forward to the incarnation of the *Jagat Guru, Nasri Nath*..... When our Saviour was born then were all our desires fulfilled. Our ancestors saw the Lord in the early days of His life, in His fakir's state and they also witnessed the scene of His crucifixion.

For the first twelve years of His early life our Saviour often appeared to our elders and used to teach and exhort them.

Only those of our Mission are installed bishops who are descended from ancestors who had seen the Lord in the flesh. We have many proofs of our Lord's coming to India which will one day be made public by the permission of our leaders.

The sermons preached, and the lessons read in our places of worship are all done in Sanskrit. None of our missionaries are allowed to read the modern Sanskrit translation of the Holy Bible, because there the Lord has been presented after the Western style which is not safe for Indians.

For instance it is written about Christ that He fell on His face in prayer and this is our Indian custom, to merely bow the head sitting comfortably on chairs and benches is the Western method of prayer and it only suits the Westerners..... Perhaps you will ask "why do you use such terms as *Chaplain, Bishop* etc." The answer is that this is all done in order to make ourselves understood by the average Christian in India.....

We present our Lord in an Asiatic form, Asiatic as He was. Not that we want to run down or blame Western methods, but only because they are not proper and suitable for our country. Dear Christian Mahant Sunder Singh in some past issue of the 'Nur Afshan' asks us how long we shall hide ourselves in caves like Elijah. Dear Brother, the time is now near and we shall all soon reveal ourselves to the world at large. It is due to your wisdom and keen perception that we have for the first time come out of the veil.....

Now pray that the day may soon come when our leaders will allow us to write more of our secret principles.....

Yours in Jesus

(Signed) NIRBHIA NAND.

Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;

Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told,
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold,

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